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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

Prosperity and the Power Issue

To the Editor: *Cincinnati*

SIR—I was struck by the statement in your article, "Overrated Issue," on the power issue, "In truth, this so-called power issue is a good deal of a fraud. Put it beside the prohibition and prosperity issues and its importance fades to zero."

I agree with you as to the importance of the prohibition issue because at bottom this issue is one of individual freedom which is fundamental to every other issue, but when you compare it with what you call the "prosperity" issue I do not know what you mean.

The power issue as it works is a monopoly of land or site values, otherwise how can the power companies of this country charge the people twice the rate charged by the Ontario government for power derived from the same source as supplies at least one of the power companies in this country? I am further told that electricity can be procured from coal at practically the same cost as from water power.

Now, in your own magazine (OUTLOOK, December 17, 1930) you published an article on the power issue by Frederick R. Barkley, which seemed to me to be in accord with other data that I had from other sources.

If there is any truth in this article—and I believe there is—do you not think the taking out of public pockets of one billion, one hundred and forty four million dollars in excess charges is a prosperity issue? And if these companies as indicated can take a system over at $3,000,000, recapitalize it at $33,000,000 and still charge excessive rates, is not the prosperity of this country affected thereby, inasmuch as the people have to pay for this thirty million dollars of water capital at double the rates charged in Ontario?

It is unfortunately true that the average householder does not consider his electric bills unusually high, and until he does power will tend to remain an academic question, but there will still be a prosperity issue because the basic cause of our depression is due to the fact that the products of production are not equally distributed among those who produce them.

Only when there is equitable distribution of the products produced by all the people will we have genuine prosperity because then and only then will the people be able to satisfy their wants to the fullest extent and in doing so will start the factors that will put an end to involuntary unemployment. CHARLES G. MERRELL.

The Function of Government

To the Editor: *Los Angeles, Calif.*

SIR—The Administration is spending millions and millions to keep the workingman from getting a glass of beer, but spends little and begrudgingly anything to help the unemployed get a chance to work. In the minds of many people this seems like raising up the unemployed workman with an unlifting hand so as to be able to turn him around and give him a more accurate kick when he asks for a job or a loaf of bread. Everybody is familiar with the beer attitude at Rapidan, but it is only recently that Mr. Hoover has clearly stated his theory of government. Read on: " . . . . The sole function of government is to bring about conditions beneficial to private enterprise."

When Mr. Hoover told that to the Pan-American Conference he didn't realize that millions of American people not in "private enterprise" were utterly in disagreement. So here we have it—just what the "sole function" of government is. Unemployed workmen and workmen employed, and all others not in "private enterprise," although a part of the state, have no inherent rights, no economic protection, nothing handed them but prohibition.

"Private enterprise" is nothing if not expectancy of capital gain from goods or money invested. The lot of the employee is work—work for wages or for a salary, and where there is no capital gain, in Mr. Hoover's construction, there is no "private enterprise." Thus Mr. Hoover tells us in sweeping language that the G. O. P. is no longer the party of Lincoln—not a government of, by and for the people—but is now dedicated by its "sole function" to "private enterprise"—and, as now practiced, to prohibition, the monstrous creator of countless illegal "private enterprises."

By his utterance quoted above Mr. Hoover has only put into words what he has always been practicing. From this we can see why he is trying to forestall high bracket action in the coming Congress. Mr. Gifford is now greasing the Hoover skids, upon which he hopes to slide the unemployed from the rightful protection of industry down into our self-acting community chests. What an edifying spectacle! What an indictment of "private enterprise"—big business, enormously protected, diving into a local chest in search of a dime for their unemployed, and then kidding us on our "rugged individualism"! Imagine the chances of the needy poor dipping into a community chest when the Y. M. C. A. and a lot of other alphabetical societies are already there.

But after the Gifford Guards and Predatory Patriots have raided our chests and children's banks, they will have accomplished their noble work of preventing the taxes from swollen incomes flowing into the United States Treasury. Then let us all pray and join together in singing *The Star Spangled Banner.*

T. B. DOWDEN.

Patriotism, C. O. D.

To the Editor: *Gridley, Calif.*

SIR—Persons that are mentally afflicted should be sent to an institution for the insane, but it seems as though you have one of those feeble-minded persons in the guise of an editor.

The money grabber, as he so graciously called the ex-American soldier, received thirty dollars per month, out of which he paid his own insurance allotment and payments on his Liberty Bond. After these items were deducted, John Soldier had less than six dollars a month with which he bought tobacco and a few other necessities.

Who were the money grabbers while we, with our little old six dollars, spent our time fighting, yes, for such as you? The ex-service man wants only what belongs to him and will have it regardless of what the editor of the OUTLOOK calls him, for he has earned it many times in full and it's years past due.

THOS. JENKINS.

Psychological Quacks

To the Editor: *Watervliet, N. Y.*

SIR—I have read Ernest K. Coulter's article, "Psychiatric Bunk," with unusual interest. He writes with refreshing candor and brings out facts which should make interesting reading to all thoughtful people. A frank discussion of this important matter should clarify the situation.

N. J. WALKER.

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Next Week

Prince Pat
A portrait of Secretary of War Hurley
By Harold Brayman

In 1925 an Oklahoman opined that Herbert Hoover would be President and started campaigning for him, and now he looms as possible vice-presidential candidate. Some colorful facts about the Crown Prince of the Cabinet.

Why America is Hungry
By Stella Crosley Ward

It's our abominable cooking—and also our abominable idea that cooking is a menial job. Turn loose in our kitchen the natural women cooks, says this cook, and see happiness and prosperity returned.

T. R. and the Big Stick
Tenth Installment of Roosevelt: a Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

How Roosevelt as President used his Big Stick in international affairs is told in this installment. He told of brandishing it at the Kaiser, and, indeed, he was not averse to pounding the British Lion's tail with it in the Alaska Boundary dispute—and he succeeded in getting safely out of all his trouble.

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OUTLOOK
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▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Ford's Wage Rate*

IT WOULD BE EASY but unjust to sneer at Henry Ford for returning to a six-dollar minimum daily wage rate. Mr. Ford boosted the rate from six to seven dollars in December, 1929. While other employers, called to White House conferences following the crash of October, 1929, were promising not to lower wages, Mr. Ford promised to raise them. This he did in conformity with his familiar theory of increasing wages so as to increase purchasing power so as to increase production and profits. Continuing the theory in so severe a depression might have been impracticable even if Mr. Ford had had the coöperation of other employers. It has proved decidedly impracticable for him to go it alone, as he now recognizes.

There are several well-grounded and well-known objections to Mr. Ford's wage policies. Workers may wonder what it profits a Ford employee to receive the highest wages in the automotive industry when he can be so casually laid off without compensation or put on part-time. Nevertheless, Mr. Ford's fundamental aim—to increase the employee's share in the company's earnings—is praiseworthy. If it can be placed on a hard-headed good-for-business basis, so much the better. Whether it can be or not, we have just begun to experiment with it. We shall both hear and see a great deal more of it as soon as the depression is over.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ford has fallen back to the wage rate obtaining in the piping times of 1919 to 1929. Had he chosen, he could have reduced wages from that level soon after the beginning of the depression, instead of first increasing them and now maintaining them. It will be time for other employers to criticize him when they themselves can show a better record. Whatever else may be askew in Mr. Ford's relation with labor, he is not niggardly with his pay-roll. When it comes to wages, he still gives most of the country's employers a good high mark to aim at.

▸▸$1 *Wheat?*

LET CHAIRMAN STONE of the Federal Farm Board have his smile over the fourteen-cent rise in wheat prices since the beginning of October. It must be his first, for the rise is the first material one of the year. And it can be but a half-hearted smile, for the rise does not spell any profit for the Farm Board on its holdings of about 200 million bushels. The jump from 52 to 66 cents a bushel merely means that the Board will lose a few million dollars less than it had anticipated. It will still lose plenty, for it paid from 80 cents to $1.20 a bushel for its wheat and, since February, 1930, has been paying from one and a half to two cents a bushel a month to store it. Hence, even if wheat should rise to a dollar on the strength of decreased exports from Russia and decreased holdings in western Europe, the Farm Board would hardly escape losses on its wheat purchases—to which it must add terrific losses on its cotton purchases.

But dollar-wheat itself—still a dream, mind you—would comprise a practical indictment of the Farm Board's wrong-headed attempt at price-fixing. For wheat at $1 a bushel would be wheat at twenty cents a bushel less than the Farm Board paid when it made its first venture into price-pegging. Though they cost the taxpayers a pretty penny, the Board's purchases failed to fix the price, which eventually dropped to 45 cents a bushel. The fact that the price is rising at last does not alter the principle that hereafter the Board should confine its efforts to helping the farmer help himself by limited production and more orderly marketing.

▸▸*Britain's Right Turn*

IS CAPITALISM on the point of collapse, as we have so frequently and so mournfully been told? No one who studies the results of the British elections with an open mind can believe that it is. British Socialism, represented by the Labor party, went to the polls holding 270 of the 615 seats in the House of Commons. It came away holding 58—only a third of its strength after the Conservative victory of 1924, less, even, than its strength in 1918 when it was the third party of the realm. Coming in Britain, where Socialism had been steadily advancing, coming amid a critical business depression and widespread unemployment, coming when capitalism had failed to save the pound even by slashing doles and civil service salaries, this swing to the Right is highly impressive. Naturally, it fosters the conclusion that, if capitalism is as strong as this in Britain, it is even stronger elsewhere.

In analyzing the British landslide, note how the gains were divided between the Conservative party and the other groups supporting Premier MacDonald's National Government—that is to say, MacDonald's handful of National Laborites, the National Liberals and the National

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Independents. The Conservatives gained 207 seats—they had 263 seats in the last session of Parliament and will have 470 in the next—while all the other national groups together gained but nine. Here, then, is a smashing Conservative victory. While Mr. MacDonald will be the titular head of the new Cabinet, his contention that this is a victory for the National Government hardly stands up against the fact that 96 per cent of the gains for the National Government actually were gains for the Conservatives.

This is not to say that the British electorate had any illusions about the Conservatives. Their amazing victory probably should be attributed less to love of them than to fear of the Laborites—fear which amounted to panic. Illustrating this is the defeat of prominent Labor leaders like Arthur Henderson by virtually unknown opponents. According to the British custom, Mr. Henderson may now be given the seat of one of his followers, but he hardly has a party worth the leading. Discredited and devastated, Labor can only wait patiently for Conservative mistakes. It cannot hope to profit therefrom in the immediate future. For the time being, at least, Britain is in the hands of the Conservatives, who can run things as they please.

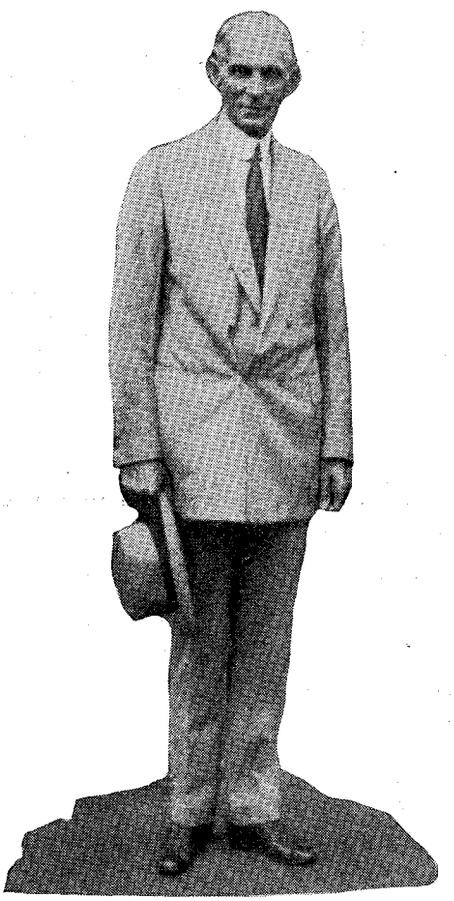
▶▶*Effects in America*

As FOR THE EFFECTS of the British elections in the United States, it may be assumed that they will tend to increase public confidence in British securities and British institutions, hence to increase public confidence in our own. No capitalist nation can fail to be braced by the sight of a hard-times election in Britain resulting in a Right-wing triumph. American politicians will not fail to notice that even in the midst of the depression British voters preferred the methods of conservatism to those of Socialism.

But the major and more specific meaning of the British elections will not be so much to the liking of our Chambers of Commerce. Before many months have passed Britain's political bricklayers will be hard at work on tariff walls. What form they will take or how high they will go is as yet undetermined. London may erect them alone or in concert with the other capitals of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In either case, a depressing effect will be exerted on American exports and American employment. Nor will high-tariff America receive much sympathy outside her own borders. By raising our own tariff walls to the high heavens we have continually invited similar action by other nations. Some of them, notably France and Canada, have taken such action and we have felt the consequences. Tariff walls around the British Isles or the British Commonwealth will represent another monument to our own folly.

▶▶*Taboo*

IT STRIKES us that that New Zealander who is travelling around the world seeing forbidden plays and films and reading forbidden books would have a very dull time in America, at least as far as the films are concerned. First he would want to see the films in their original form. Then he would have to do a great deal of gadding about from state to state to see them in their expurgated forms, for what is sinful in one state goes unnoticed in the next.



CUTS HIS RATE
Henry Ford returns to wage level of 1919 to 1929

He would find that American censors have an extremely low boiling point and are wildly illogical. In Pennsylvania, for example, tiny garments and the phrase "It's a boy" are indecent, while Kansas bans all scenes of drinking. In Virginia the state censors are appalled by bottles marked "Castor Oil" and in Maryland the hero is not permitted to kiss the heroine on the neck. New York is more liberal, but even there Clarence Darrow's scientific film, *The Mystery of Life*, was allowed only after a lengthy fight and after the elimination of a scene showing snails mating.

There is also a ruling against the "horizontal" exchange of cinema caresses. The positions of the principals must be "vertical"—no airplane views of amorous couples allowed. Again, some states are shocked by pictures of naked male babies. Others refuse to let villains look lustfully at maidens. Still others disapprove of ladies in underwear, nose thumbing and kicks in the pants. Unless the New Zealander is the sort of man who can get a thrill out of seeing a forbidden scene of a kick in the pants, maybe he'd better not visit the United States at all.

▶▶*No Time for Prophecies*

THE most striking development of the past week was the extraordinary number of optimistic statements as to the present and future of business. Thus, James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, declared that "things are looking a little better in the steel industry" and predicted that the employment in his company "will move to a higher figure." Thus, Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank, described obstacles in the way of business revival but foresaw "substantial improvement." Thus, Bradstreet's pointed to more vigorous activity in certain lines and concluded that "the most cheerful aspect of the situation seems to be the evidence which continues to be offered of the progress of adjustment in business." And thus, President Hoover was "happy to note the very great change which is evident in the credit situation," while the Associated Press found that "industry and business in the South are mounting steadily" and the National Association of Manufacturers that the lowest point of the depression has been passed and business recovery begun.

All of which is very pleasant. But is it true? Are we really to believe that at last we are "on the upgrade," "turning the corner," "headed toward better times"? We do not know. We offer the opinion, however, that the present is no time for predictions. The prophecies of the past two years have been so decisively disproved, the prophets so thoroughly discredited, that verbal optimism now may tend to defeat its own ends, to create doubts rather than to recreate confidence.

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Instead of basing dubious prognostications on scattered signs, let us wait for the records. When 1931 comes to a close the records will speak for themselves; the quarterly statements indicating the revenues and profits of American business will show us where we are. If business is really improving we shall know it by the first of next year. Meanwhile the prophets might well retreat into their shells.

Mr. Adams' Statistics

One could have a lot of fun with the denials recently issued from the White House and the Navy Department. In support of naval economies, Mr. Hoover denies that too little money is being spent on the navy. A few days later, in support of naval expenditures, Secretary Adams denies that too much money is being spent on the navy. One might ask what becomes of Mr. Hoover's case for naval economies if Secretary Adams is right in denying that the navy is spending too much. And what becomes of Mr. Adams' case for unimpeachable naval expenditures if Mr. Hoover is right in justifying naval economies.

But the real significance of Mr. Adams' answer to the World Peace Foundation lies in his use of statistics—evidence that naval figures can be used to show any result desired. Does Layman No. 1 say that the navy is too large?

HEADMAN IN FACT
Stanley Baldwin, leader of the British Conservatives

Not so, say the statistics; the per capita cost of the American navy is but $3.24 as against $3.39 for France and $6.21 for Great Britain. Does Layman No. 2 say that the American navy is too small? Oh, no, the statistics say. The American naval budget for 1930-31 was $382,000,000 while the British was but $273,000,000, the French but $142,000,000 and the Japanese but $131,000,000. But the navy must be too large, then, says Layman No. 3. Incorrect, the statistics answer. The ratio of our naval budget to our national income is but .0043, while that of Great Britain is .0148, and that of France .0167. Then, says Layman No. 4—but why go on? You get the idea.

Philippine Independence

If President Hoover's statement on the Philippines failed to catch the public ear it is not hard to see why. Most Americans are too engrossed with their own problems to give any attention to the problems of the Filipinos. Even in normal times presidential statements on Philippine independence create no great public interest. The statement of October 27 merely created the conviction that the present is a good time to leave that subject alone.

This is not to say that Mr. Hoover's statement went into it very deeply. Mr. Hoover recalled that eventual independence had been promised to the Islands by other Presidents and by Congress and laid down a few general principles which no one will question—for example, that "the economic independence of the Philippines must be attained before political independence can be successful." Otherwise he said little except that he and his Cabinet had talked the matter over and, having "formulated no conclusive policies," would talk it over some more. No doubt there will be additional statements from the White House. There will certainly be many speeches from Congressmen who, backed by the American beet sugar interests, will urge Philippine independence so that Philippine sugar may no longer escape our tariff duties. Yet there is not much chance that the independence movement will get anywhere for a year or two at least.

When the Philippine case is finally reopened, however, definite action should be based on something more than the greed of special interests. The true situation and the interrelated problems will not be clarified through hasty investigations nor through brief visits to the islands like that of Secretary of War Hurley. Rather we need a thorough, painstaking, impartial inquiry—such as Britain recently conducted in Palestine—into ways and means of giving the Philippines a constantly increasing measure of independence. To complicate the Philippine question now with slap-dash moves would be merely to pile up trouble.

HEADMAN IN THEORY
Ramsay MacDonald, premier of the new British government

Home from Cocos

The three castaways, Paul Stachwick, Gordon Brawner and Earl Palliser, whose six months of Crusoe existence on Cocos Island has ended in their rescue by the United States gunboat Sacramento, are very happy to return to civilization. They revel in thoughts of bathtubs, good beds, plain American food, cigarettes and movies. They desire nothing better than to speed to their respective homes in Huron, South Dakota; Springfield, Illinois; and San Diego, California, and revel in these things for the rest of their lives.

That's what they say, anyway. Of course, any one could tell them that after they have been in Huron, Springfield and San Diego a while, have seen a dozen movies and had a lot of baths, meals and cigarettes, they will probably wish they were back on Cocos Island. Particularly when the hubbub of homecoming has subsided and families and friends begin to yawn and snap on the radio when they start to retell how it feels to be a castaway. But it will be too late then. They wanted to be rescued from Cocos Island and rescued they are.

Think what they have had. A tiny, uninhabited tropical island all to themselves. Cocoanuts, oranges, lemons and coffee beans for the gathering. Fish and wild pigs for the catching. From their wrecked yawl, the Western Wind, they salvaged razor blades, scissors, rifles, am-

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munition and fishing tackle. They made themselves sleeping shacks and a private swimming pool. Since last April they have lived this idyllic existence, yet since last April they have wished for nothing except to return to civilization and—what was it?—bathtubs, movies and cigarettes. It stands to reason that before very long they will be writing lonesome letters to one another from Huron, Springfield and San Diego, recalling the good old days on Cocos, wishing they could crack another cocoanut together in peace and quiet. It will serve them right. They couldn't see a good thing when they had it. They didn't deserve to be shipwrecked in the first place.

▶▶*That Arms Holiday*

THE one-year armament building holiday projected by the League of Nations has been accepted by the United States and thirty other nations and, barring a hitch, will go into effect when and if accepted by the twenty-one other nations which have been invited to the general disarmament conference scheduled to open at Geneva in February. But it will not be a genuine holiday on armament construction for the reason that it allows:

1. The continuance of any and all construction now under way.

2. The beginning of any and all construction already contracted for.

3. The beginning, continuance and completion of any and all construction desired for replacement purposes.

4. The authorization of and the appropriating, planning and contracting for any and all additional construction desired to be begun at the end of the year.

Thus, the only thing which the project forbids is something which the time element would practically forbid anyway—i. e., the beginning, within a year, of additional, non-replacement construction not already contracted for. At the most, then, the so-called holiday, while allowing all other kinds of construction, will delay this kind but a few months.

In the United States the holiday means nothing at all; our construction program can be carried out precisely as if the holiday had never been suggested. Not that it will mean much more to other nations than to us. It is simply a gesture designed to have a favorable influence on the general disarmament conference of February. As such, it is futility itself. The foreign offices to be represented at the conference will not be blind to the anomalous character of the holiday. Nor will they let it persuade them to reduce their armaments. Their interest will lie in larger matters, for example in the success or failure of the current effort by the League and the United States to prevent war in Manchuria and thus demonstrate that nations may rely partly on treaties and not solely on armaments for their security.

▶▶*Teddy to Pat to Charlie*

WHEN SOME ONE handed the Republican vice-presidential nomination to young Teddy Roosevelt a few weeks ago, every one expected him to tuck it exultantly under his arm and scoot for a touchdown. That's young Teddy all over. Give him a chance and he's off like Albie Booth, though sometimes, alas, in the wrong direction. However, to every one's surprise, Teddy passed the ball to Secretary of War Pat Hurley, who instantly passed it to that old battle-scarred ground-gainer, Charlie Curtis. At the moment it's Charlie's but he's juggling it, undecided whether to run with it or throw it away, leave the national field and enter a senatorial game he knows of out in Kansas.

This perplexing state of affairs has given rise to some wicked rumors. The fans have begun to suspect that Roosevelt, Hurley and Curtis are all wary about carrying the ball behind Herbert Hoover. The three have decided, the fans say, that Hoover's interference may not come up to scratch; that, in fact, Hoover may be dumped in the mud by the opposing team and that the ball-carrier may be crushed beneath him. The field is very wet, the fans point out, and the opposing team is not only strong and spirited but very much at home in such playing conditions. Hoover, on the other hand, is at his best only when the grounds are very dry. So say the fans, but whether correctly or not we don't know. All we know is that politicians prominent enough to be potential candidates for vice-president are showing an amazing eagerness to let some one else die for dear old Republicanism.

▶▶*Reducing the War Debts*

PREMIER LAVAL'S return to Paris on November 2 brought additional evidence of the impending efforts to reduce Germany's reparations payments to the former allies and their war debt payments to the United States. While the necessity of such action was recognized in the Washington communique of President Hoover and Premier Laval, the willingness of France to go ahead was most con-

International

Underwood & Underwood

Wide World

GENTLEMEN IN WAITING

Charles Curtis, Theodore Roosevelt and Patrick Hurley, potential candidates for the Republican nomination for vice-president

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cretely expressed at Paris. "If it is decided that the reparations burden is too great," M. Laval said, "France is willing to converse in an effort to reduce all intergovernmental debts."

No one can doubt that Germany's reparations burden is indeed too great. The payments which Germany made during the good times of the past decade were financed by her borrowings abroad. Today she is neither able to go on borrowing nor to go on paying. Hence the first step—practically though not theoretically—is to decide, not whether Germany can meet the payments scheduled under the Young plan (averaging about $470,000,000 a year), but how much they must be reduced. Once that is decided, the problem will have reached its most delicate stage—the reduction of the debts owed the United States.

No one knows on what basis such reductions will be proposed. To ask that the United States strike off those portions of the war debts comprising an unbearable burden would be to apply the same standard to our creditors as they probably will apply to Germany—that is, the basis of capacity to pay. But here difficulties arise, for, in the first place, capacity to pay means one thing in one decade and another in the next and, secondly, on such a basis payments to us by France probably could not be reduced at all, even though Germany's payments to her were reduced considerably. Another basis would be dollar-for-dollar reduction—that is, reduction of war debts in proportion to reduction of reparations. The difficulties here are, first, that no account is taken of the varying abilities of Germany's creditors to pay us and, secondly, that the United States is made the sole loser. At this early date, however, it is not necessary to debate possible methods of reduction but simply to understand them. It is safe to say that whatever method our diplomats finally agree upon will create a bitter battle in Congress.

➤➤ *A Pretentious Report*

PRETENTIOUSNESS is the cardinal sin of the ten-point report by the President's Committee on Employment Plans and Suggestions. A fair title for it would be "Some Minor Steps for the Relief of Unemployment." What the report pretends to be, however, is not merely a program for the relief of unemployment but a program for the restoration of prosperity. In the words of the chairman, Harry A. Wheeler of Chicago, the committee's program is "directed chiefly toward temporary relief, but also suggests for consideration certain fundamental causes and influences so that a secure foundation may be laid for rebuilding a sound, permanent national prosperity."

The committee would appeal to the employed to resume normal buying and so serve "self-interest, patriotism and humanitarianism." One seems to have heard that before. It urges bankers to be more liberal toward the credit requirements of their average customer. One can see bankers falling all over themselves to do so. Finally, it declares that public confidence in our financial and credit structures must be reëstablished and to this end, sensibly enough, advocates another agency like the new National Credit Corporation to loosen up credit in towns and small cities.

Presumably these are the "fundamental" influences to which Mr. Wheeler refers. His committee then goes on to recommend the spreading out of available work both in private business and in the public service, with special emphasis on providing part-time jobs for white-collar workers and on distributing jobs according to need. That is to say, it proposes that the laborer share his job and salary, but suggests no comparable sacrifice by capital. Concluding, it urges the expediting of public works already authorized, asks that surplus city labor

Remarkable Remarks

What a great thing it would be if, for a few days, all business would stop, all newspapers suspend publication, all economists quit predicting, and the whole human race go to bed. We'd get up fresh and enthusiastic and wonder how we could have imagined that there was a depression.—BRUCE BARTON.

J. B. Deariso, 222 West 39th St., New York, $5 prize.

Unemployment will give birth to more jobs than this country has ever yet known.—B. C. FORBES.

Mrs. Mae F. Carter, 237 Fairman St., Yuba City, Calif., $2 prize.

The business man depends almost entirely upon reason.—EDMUND LOWE.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

The world is going to hell so fast you can't see it for dust.—REV. BILLY SUNDAY.

Miss Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif., $2 prize.

Sentiment for prohibition, far from lessening, has increased measurably during the past ten years.—MRS. ELLA A. BOOLE.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

There's an industry called bootlegging in America.—BERNARD SHAW.

E. H. Frost, Box 262, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.

I'll get a lot of time off for good behavior.—AL CAPONE.

Gregg Koehl, 2530 Warsaw St., Ft. Wayne, Ind., $2 prize.

This [indictment] is merely a plot to discredit me, a persecution by a Roman Catholic district attorney under orders of his priest.—RT. REV. JAMES CANNON, JR.

M. H. Roberts, 1839 E. 16th Place, Tulsa, Okla., $2 prize.

Every man wants to commit suicide, kill some one or love his neighbor's wife at some time in his life.—DR. WILL DURANT.

Miss Frone Schrantz, Rome City, Sylvan Lake, Indiana, $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 352

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be transferred to farms wherever possible and recommends that communities survey the available work and allocate

Keystone

SOMETHING IN IT

Says Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., of the proposed American Economic Council

it in conjunction with local relief efforts.

The committee does not discuss the effect on employment of relegalized brewing. Neither does it discuss the tariff, war debts, installment buying or anything else generally assumed to relate to the restoration of a "sound, permanent national prosperity." It simply deals with the subjects we have indicated in this summary and lets it go at that—vainly expecting to be taken seriously.

▶▶*For an Economic Council*

PROBABLY ALBERT H. WIGGIN of the Chase National Bank was the least optimistic of recent witnesses before the Senate committee which has been holding hearings on Senator La Follette's bill to create an American economic council. President Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation doubted that the council would be of much practical benefit to the steel industry. President Swope of the General Electric Company thought that, since it would rest upon "the present chaotic conditions," it would have an unstable foundation. But Mr. Wiggin went further. He not only questioned the value of a council; he questioned the value of human experience. "A man only lives so many years," he said, "and his experience only lasts with him so many years. New generations succeed and they will make the same blunders in the next generation and succeeding generations as were made in the first." Business crises like the present one will inevitably recur. "There is no commission or any brains in the world that can prevent it."

This is equivalent to saying that every man must learn for himself every day not to pet rattlesnakes, which is obviously not true. We do learn something from the experiences of other individuals and other generations, if not very much. And we do sometimes follow good advice, if not very often. The purpose of an economic council would be to provide such advice. Details aside, the council would consist of a body of first-rate economic minds who, without being disappointed if they did not immediately succeed, would endeavor to prevent unemployment and to adjust production to consumption. Their duty would be to find the facts and to base recommendations upon them for the guidance of Congress and business. If the American principle of individualism is to be preserved—and it is—they could not be empowered to force their advice on any one. Hence, at first, it would often be disregarded. But as time went on and the council's recommendations proved sound, they would tend to find steadily wider acceptance.

At best, the council probably could not prevent occasional depressions, though it should be able to prevent severe panics or at least to shorten them once they arrived. At worst, it would be better than nothing at all, which is what we have now. If compulsory planning is a thing of the distant future, complete planlessness should be a thing of the past. We agree with President Sloan of the General Motors Corporation, who reminded the La Follette committee that "We have to make a start and this would be a good one."

▶▶*In Brief*

GOVERNOR PINCHOT, they say, has abandoned hope for the Republican nomination for President. Just when he practically had it, too . . . . One trusts that the unemployed who are standing in line for free food three times a day will see that it would spoil their characters if they were standing in line for doles once a week . . . . A heartless insult-to-injury-adder is Senator Hiram Johnson, who calls it "the Kellogg piffle pact." . . . . Incidentally Hiram displays rather more than his usual acumen when he says that "There is no real war in the Orient, because you can't have war between a chopstick and a machine gun" . . . . Here's a Chicago woman who seeks a divorce because her husband says "ain't," splits infinitives and ends sentences with prepositions. Come, come, madam, that ain't anything to really worry over . . . . Director Anderson of the Yale gymnasium believes that football will have to share its popularity with other sports within the next ten years. Ten years from now we'll probably be worrying about overemphasis on pole-vaulting . . . . The way to cure drunkenness, says George Bernard Shaw, is to "make the common man not want to drink." The proposal deserves a trial. We suggest that Mr. Shaw be officially commissioned to make the common man not want to drink. . . . Thomas Edison will be remembered for many little things as well as big ones. Some of us will always remember him for his reply to the question: "Do you believe that 'early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise'?" His answer was: "This rule produces stupidity." . . . . Henry Ford declares that "The depression will be broken (1) When people cease to believe that something can be obtained for nothing; (2) When the people get back their self-dependence; that is, when they cease to lean on the initiative of a few either to provide work or charity, and (3) When the public understanding is capable of seeing that the profit of life is

NOTHING TO IT

Counters Albert H. Wiggin, well-known New York banker

life and not money." In other words, Mr. Ford does not know when the depression will be broken.

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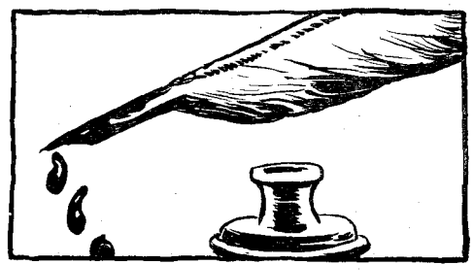
Mr. Hoover and the Navy League



IT IS not pleasant for the impartial commentator to go on launching one attack after another at the President of the United States. But what, for example, is he to say of President Hoover's current row with the Navy League? What can he say except that, at best, it is a gross waste of good time? What can he say except that, with the country economically prostrate, and with a multitude of momentous problems to engage his every moment and demand his last ounce of energy, Mr. Hoover chooses to pick a fight with a group of inconspicuous private citizens whose hobby, most people will need to be told, is to send information and comment on naval matters to the newspapers, which may or may not base their own opinions thereon and usually do not? With the country crying for decisive, plain-spoken, two-fisted leadership on such subjects as war debts, prohibition, the tariff and relief for the unemployed, Mr. Hoover gives it leadership in an attack on William Howard Gardiner, president of the Navy League and respected private citizen.

And what is it that draws down upon Mr. Gardiner the wrath of the President of a nation of one hundred and twenty million people? In the last analysis, his offense is merely that he has taken Mr. Hoover too literally. In a recently issued pamphlet—which, incidentally, few people read until Mr. Hoover called national attention to it—Mr. Gardiner, criticizing the White House naval policy, referred to "President Hoover's efforts, at every turn, to restrict, to reduce and to starve the United States navy—under the present plea of budget limitation." A president with a good sense of proportion would simply have ignored this pamphlet. Almost any other president besides Mr. Hoover would, if he had chosen to answer it at all, have done so in a single statement of the facts and thereupon have dismissed the matter from mind. Not so Mr. Hoover, with a whoop heard round the world he pounced upon it and held it aloft. It was, he said, full of "untruths and distortions of fact." He therefore purposed to appoint a committee, including members of the Navy League, to investigate it. When the committee completed its work, he said, he would "expect Mr. Gardiner to make a public correction of his misstatement and his apology therefor."

BUT what had Mr. Gardiner done? It seems to us that, essentially, he had merely taken Mr. Hoover at his word. Translate the above-quoted kernel of the Navy League's pamphlet into friendly instead of unfriendly phrases, and what does it say? It says that Mr. Hoover has been effecting economies in the navy so as to keep down expenditures. If that is not exactly the idea Mr. Hoover has been trying to convey to the public for the past several months, we do not know what it is. Day after day inspired stories of naval economies have been sent to the press from Washington. Day after day Mr. Hoover has issued paeans to peace and arms reduction, giving every indication that he intended to set himself up as their great champion in the next election. To be sure, on this question as on so many others, he has refused to take one side and stick to it. He has tried to be both for naval economy and against it. Hence, along with his economy statements, we have had his statements for an efficient navy, capable of defending us from any possible attack. He has tried to appeal to pacifist and militarist alike, and to all grades in between.

AS A matter of fact, in deed though not in word, he has been more militarist than pacifist. Despite all the ballyhoo over his naval slashes, the facts are, first, that he is not asking the navy to cut a cent from its expenditures for the current fiscal year; secondly, that he is merely asking it to spend $20,000,000 less in the next fiscal year than it is spending in this one, and thirdly, that the navy will spend more money next year for actual construction than it is spending this year. The $20,000,000 saving will come, if it does come, from decommissioning ships, reducing personnel, buying less and taking advantage of lower prices.

These are the facts. Mr. Hoover doubtless expected the big-navy faction to see them and be satisfied. At the same time he doubtless expected the small-navy men to be satisfied with his terrific to-do about the necessity for naval economy. But it hasn't worked that way. The big-navy men hear his pacifist words and overlook his militarist actions. The small-navy men may eventually see his actions and overlook his words. If they do, Mr. Hoover, instead of pleasing both sides, will please neither.

AT BASE, the whole naval economy question is but one more illustration of Mr. Hoover's inability to decide whether he loves the taxpayers more than the unemployed or the unemployed more than the taxpayers. If only he could prefer the unemployed he would push the navy up to the maximum strength permitted by the London treaty, for that is the way to provide jobs. And if only he could prefer the taxpayers, he would keep the navy down as much as possible, for that would tend to keep down expenditures and taxes. Some increase in taxes would still be necessary, of course, despite Mr. Hoover's pious hope that "We may avoid increased taxation of the people in these times." Obviously, though, the less spent on the navy the smaller the tax increase need be.

MR. HOOVER'S trouble is that he is trying to love the taxpaying group and the unemployed group equally. Since his tender messages to them are published in the press, however, each receives the sweet words intended for the other. Hence each is highly irritated and Mr. Hoover suffers accordingly.

The Editors

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOUGH *it sound* like heresy, we venture that the Hoover-Laval accord in so far as it refers to a reduction in German reparations and war debts owed to this country will never be sanctioned by the Congress, which will have the last say on this subject. Except for a few Republicans who are always abject in the presence or proclamation of a G. O. P. president, we find comparatively few members of House or Senate who approve of it, and many who condemn the vagueness and deliberate ambiguity of the joint communique issued by the two statesmen. It has already been attacked by majority leader Tilson and Representative Will Wood, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and both these men, if the President's party organizes the House, will have considerable influence with respect to action in the lower chamber, where the boys are particularly jealous of the fiscal preëminence the Constitution gives them. Both men, ordinarily, are party hacks, and for them to declare against the agreement is perilously prophetic. Should the Democrats win the speakership and committee chairmanships, they will be even more recalcitrant. Under Democratic domination the House will be manned and captained by hill-billy Southerners, who always assume a rather provincial attitude in these matters. They are already pointing out that Mr. Hoover showed no willingness to furnish them extraordinary aid during their financial and agricultural troubles, and they see no reason why they should, as they phrase it, unload additional billions on the American taxpayer in order that the international bankers may the more easily collect their private debts from Europe. Almost every incoming member from the South and West feels that he and his constituents are being robbed to pay Wall Street. As the facts concerning the banker's conduct during the boom years with regard to domestic and foreign financing become known in newspaper, magazine and book form, the Congressmen who remained silent or sang party pæans through the years of Coolidge prosperity begin to see the light—two years late, as usual. Nevertheless, their belated recognition of what they regard as the blindness of our political and financial great men is not helpful or hopeful for Mr. Hoover's international program. Everybody here, I discover, is convinced that in return for their creation of a $500,000,000 credit corporation, as I suggested several weeks ago, the bankers got a definite presidential pledge that their foreign loans would be made safer through reduction or cancellation of the public loans. Indeed, I hear that men prominent in Wall Street take credit for the whole idea and plan, in both its domestic and foreign phases, when discussing it at their clubs. Nor has Thomas W. Lamont's warning that tariffs must also be reduced destroyed the impression that a deal lurks in the background. This threat to a historic G. O. P. policy, especially when it comes linked with a proposal to scale down debts, will make trouble for the White House in the next session of Congress.

THE President, I imagine, recognizes the difficulties which face him. Otherwise why did he and M. Laval make public so deceptive a document as their communique, and leave it to an unknown Cabinet member, who, I have reason to believe, was Secretary Stimson, to announce to a select group of correspondents the actual details and expected workings of the plan? So unsatisfactory was the public statement, and so detailed, though inaccurate, was Mr. Stimson's explanation, that scores of correspondents simply telegraphed the communique for use as a Page-1 box, and disregarded it entirely in writing their stories. It was, to my mind, one of the most remarkable pieces of publicity and statesmanship the Capital has seen in many years. Mr. Stimson, I understand, as well as the President, took the position that the definite proposals for cutting reparations and debts were too inflammatory, politically, to discuss them in a public statement. The written word, it was explained, is more dangerous than the spoken word, even though the latter is to be flung onto the front pages of hundreds of newspapers. I have frequently spoken of Mr. Hoover's "indirect and irresponsible" methods of handling great public questions, and this is another example of it. Should it become discreet or desirable to back away from the plan Mr. Stimson announced as if it were the greatest diplomatic victory of all ages, Mr. Hoover, obviously, can do so without impugning the integrity of anybody except the 400 newspaper correspondents. For, as usual, the President's spokesman asked that his journalistic *tête-à-tête* be kept secret, and would not permit the use of his name as authority for his pronouncements. It was, to use a word becoming more popular with the President than "efficiency" used to be, no more than "background."

This incident explains why the accounts of the famous agreement were so vague. Incidentally, the unknown oracle gave out quite a bit of misinformation, the most serious of which was the statement that under the Young Plan Germany has the right to postpone or default on all its reparations payments to France. As a matter of fact, Germany cannot defer or repudiate the so-called "unconditional annuities" under the Young Plan machinery, and this was the victory which the French Premier took back to Paris with him. Had any conference for a reëxamination of Germany's "capacity to pay" studied the problem without reference to the Young Plan—an all-American product, by the way—it might conceivably recommend forgiveness of all of Germany's debts to France, and this M. Laval and the French people would never stand for. On this point the Premier was insistent and persistent, and it is, too, virtually the only concrete accomplishment of the White House conferences. In the opinion of Senator Borah and many others, this agreement simply means that the United States, long the champion of downtrodden peoples, has now turned Germany over to the tender or tigerish mercies of its historic enemy, *la belle France*.

THE validity of the major portions of the plan as outlined by the Presidential spokesman has been amply confirmed by high treasury officials, who also insist that their identity be withheld. Indeed, so advanced is the Hoover campaign for reduction or cancellation that the Administration's great financial genius scoffs at suggestions it may work a hardship on the American taxpayer. A 50 per cent reduction, he is kind enough to point out, would not equal the amount the government collects through its tobacco tax—or half the sum the states obtain in the form of a gasoline levy—or, he might have added, one-sixth the amount Uncle Sam could get through legalization of beer. The Hiram Johnsons, Will Woods and Bill Borahs who grow excited at the thought of waiving our claim to billions of dollars, in the Administration's opinion, ought to be ashamed of themselves to worry over such trifles. But somehow they don't seem to be, and it looks like a hard winter for Mr. Hoover.

A. F. C.

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▸▸ Borah Tells the World ◂◂

By RAY T. TUCKER

Wide World

THE GREAT AMERICAN SPOKESMAN

THE shock which Pierre Laval suffered when he clashed with Borah of Idaho is no new experience for American presidents and Old Guard politicians. Nor was it, perhaps, a complete surprise to the French Premier, who must have recalled the rôle Borah played in breaking the pledge which another President had given to Europe without taking sufficient thought of the shaggy-maned statesman with the boyish grin and mischievous manner on Capitol Hill.

Ten years ago it was Borah, more than any other individual, who prevented Woodrow Wilson from writing a new and strange chapter of American history. Today it is the same Borah, his hair a little thinner, who threatens to effect a remaking of the map of Europe so cruelly distorted by the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain. With his demand that France recognize the political, economic and geographical injustice of these documents before seeking further generosity from the United States, the Senator has stirred vivid and volcanic figures and forces abroad.

This spokesman from a remote Western state has reawakened the aspirations of millions of peoples. He has given heart to the Hitlerites of Germany; he has led Mussolini to gaze once more upon Italy's lost provinces; he has aroused a fear in Poland that she may lose her corridor to the sea; he has shown how shaky French domination of Europe may prove to be; he has uttered another warning against what he regards as "entangling alliances." If, as he once told the writer, "the key to my public conduct is a strong and instinctive sympathy for the underdog," he has, more than in his earlier crusades, achieved his ambition. From Germany and Hungary, as well as from his own country, have come messages assuring him that "God will bless" him for what he did and said when he spoke his mind to M. Laval—and to the world. It is, whether one agrees or not, quite an accomplishment for a single senator.

As always, he has received his meed—and more—of denunciation. Although the Senator discussed foreign problems with a realism which might well have come from official American spokesmen, it is doubtful if the latter enjoyed Mr. Borah's plain speaking. Likewise, Republicans who feel called upon to back up the party leader, right or wrong, are miffed. Raising the chant which their political ancestors were singing when some present-day senators were still in swaddling clothes, they assail the Idahoan as an obstructionist, as a trouble maker, as a prima donna. Leading journals, especially in the large financial centers of the East, carry frenzied editorials suggesting that the Logan law—or some law, it matters not which—be invoked against him for having placed high affairs of state in jeopardy. They recall his career, and pungently add that he promises but never performs, that his bark is worse than his bite. From Poland comes the story that he is of German descent, therefore clearly prejudiced, and that his best known ancestor was Catherine von Borah, second wife of Martin Luther. Everywhere he is reviled or worshipped, condemned as the bad boy of international politics or eulogized as the prophet of a new and better era. So it has always been, and, until that day when he declines to pass through the pearly gates without a chance for a careful and conscientious scrutiny of what lands lie beyond the wall, so it ever will be.

In all this turmoil it seems strange that so few sense the human drama in Borah himself; or ask how it is that a senator from a small and unpretentious state, a senator who must prowl the political plains as a "lone wolf" because the Bigwigs of his party so seldom go along with him, can stir such a storm with so slight a thing as a newspaper interview! Rail at him as they may, their very railings seem to testify to a greatness, to an influence, to an independence which cannot be denied, and which must be admired if only because these qualities are so rare in American politics.

Why is it, one asks, that there is no other figure in the United States, with the possible exception of a President in office, whose words carry such weight at home and abroad! After Mr. Hoover, Mr. Borah was the man whom M. Laval wanted to see, and the French journalists radioed their request for an interview as soon as they left France. Was it because the practical peasant from Auvergne knew that the Senator from a far Western state was also a realist, and, too, that when the Hoover-Laval accord reaches the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the Senate floor—if it ever does—it will be the voice of Borah which will prevail! M. Laval was wise beyond his nationality. Had a long line of statesmen, beginning with Woodrow Wilson and continuing to Herbert Hoover, possessed the astuteness of M. Laval with respect to Mr. Borah's importance and insight, they might have saved themselves a great deal of grief and the legacy of post-war problems confronting the world might have been less perplexing.

The Laval-Borah incident emphasizes a phase of the Senator's career that is little known. It is that the Idahoan has eventually emerged as a sort of superstate, a governmental entity in himself. Else why should M. Laval deem it wise to obtain his views, not on the United States, but on Europe, and on France's destiny in particular? It was an amazing thing that, under the presidential nose at the White House, the French Premier should arrange with a mere legislator for an international conference to be held under the secretarial nose at the home of Henry L. Stimson. There are other evidences of Borah's prestige abroad. He is, no less, Russia's unofficial ambassador in the United States, so much so that State Department officials must obtain a letter of introduction from him if they wish to visit the Soviet. It was his speeches in the Senate, which, through the Mexican crisis during the Coolidge administration, helped to prevent hostilities.

When he demands disarmament, as he did in 1920, a President Harding and a Henry Cabot Lodge may pooh-pooh

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the proposal as "another Borah dream," but eventually they accede to it, and foreign nations come to the Senator's private party. When, as he did a few months ago, he suggested a five-year naval holiday, American statesmen sought the cyclone cellar, but Dino Grandi, Mussolini's foreign minister, caught up the tune, and Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson began to see the light. Nor can it be forgotten that it was his resolution which led to the original re-examination of the problem of German reparations by Charles G. Dawes and Owen D. Young in 1922.

His enemies call Mr. Borah a "dreamer." He may be. But he has seen so many of his dreams come true that he may be pardoned if he believes in his vision of a Europe politically disarmed. If this be dreaming, the Senator is content that he be set down as a dreamer, as an obstructionist. He is also ready and willing to let the people be the judge of the validity of his vision.

"But," say skeptical politicians, "Borah will simply talk about it. He will not go through. He will do nothing constructive."

Waiving, for the moment, the Senator's challenge that he has never ceased his advocacy of any cause which captivated him since he entered the Senate in 1906, it may be suggested that his best rôle is, and must be, that of an advocate. It is a common criticism of the Senator that he never "goes through," that his great crusades end only in Senate orations, that he gives a Republican administration conniption fits and lets it go at that, that he is irregular only on presidential off-days. The answer is that for Borah to advocate a cause is more than half the battle. There are a score of lesser men in the Senate who possess the plodding qualities needed to steer a bill or resolution through to enactment, but there is only one Borah to arouse public opinion so thoroughly that those other legislative grinds will be forced to do their stuff, willy-nilly. The Smoots, the Binghams, the Swansons, the Joneses have excellent records for amiable consistency, for accomplishment even, but they might beat their breasts and bargain for votes till doomsday without stirring or changing public opinion by one-half of 1 per cent.

Keystone

AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD

Wide World

BORAH IN REPOSE

Never was this more clearly shown than in the fight to prevent confirmation of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. When his name was proposed, it was greeted by hallelujahs from the bar, the press, the politicians. On the day the vote was to be taken, it seemed that only three men—George W. Norris of Nebraska, Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin and Borah himself—would not be numbered among the senatorial chorus of "Me, too!" But when the Senator from Idaho had concluded his address, it was obvious that the Administration's choice faced serious opposition. Senators who had pledged themselves to vote for Mr. Hughes hastened to join the small but growing group of critics. Day by day the recruits increased, until at one time thirty-five senators were aligned against the Administration. But from overseas came the voice of Minority Leader "Joe" Robinson, who had heard the trans-atlantic appeal of the White House and notified his southern Democrats that they must support so distinguished a jurist as Mr. Hughes. Despite this unexpected intervention, the "lone-wolf" headed a pack of almost thirty senators at roll call against the most eminent member of the American bar.

In any consideration of Mr. Borah's career, the circumstances surrounding his entry into politics cannot be neglected. When he first sought the nomination from the Idaho legislature in 1904 he lost out because the bosses knifed him at a caucus; between the hours of four in the afternoon and eight at night three legislators pledged to him slipped over on the other side. This episode undoubtedly sharpened his instinctive dislike for organized politics, for a system in which the word of the boss passes for law, and this prejudice has grown with the years he has spent at the Capital. He eventually won the nomination in a campaign in which he took for text, "King Caucus must go," and he has never deviated from this principle. He never attends G. O. P. caucuses and he takes no orders from senatorial slave-drivers.

Then again, he came from a state which had few interests at Washington, since it had only recently entered the national sisterhood. His constituents let him alone, allowed him to become his own master, permitted him to shape his own policies. Having leaped straight from the law into politics, and never having served an apprenticeship at the political trade, he had not mastered the act of affirmation for men and moments when his common sense and his conscience whispered that the wiser word was "No." That the reigning politicians could not fathom him in 1906, and cannot yet, is no doubt due to this Juno-like political birth. Oddly enough, the yes-sir men ruled the roost in 1906 even more completely than they would like to now, and he soon became anathema to the regulars.

The latter can hardly be blamed for their original misunderstanding of young Borah. For the newcomer's first noteworthy appearance upon the American scene had been as brilliant prosecutor of Bill Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone for their alleged dynamiting of Gov. Steunenberg's home. Borah's forensic feats in a far-off courtroom had been reported in sensational style by the swarm of metro-

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politan reporters shifted from the Thaw trial to this current cause célèbre. Thus his legal reputation had preceded him to the Senate corridor, where he brushed back his shaggy brown mane and hung his black wideawake hat on a peg on March 4, 1907.

Old Guard senators, naturally, looked upon him as a stalwart reënforcement in those turbulent, trust-busting, muck-raking days. They envisaged him as a valiant champion in resisting reformers and in crushing the developing class consciousness of the American working man. He was immediately made chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, which was an unusual honor for a first-termer, especially as any attempt to translate the demands of the down-trodden into legislative reality must have its beginnings in this body. To certain cynical senators who expressed alarm at bestowal of this key post on an untried recruit, Aldrich, the Republican boss, replied with a cloakroom wink:

"Don't worry. He's all right. I've looked him up. He's an anti-labor man and a corporation attorney."

This incident was to be characteristic of the Senator's career. More often than not, when the regulars accuse him of party treason, it is because they have permitted themselves to be deluded. They cannot understand his persistent independence of presidential persuasion or the party goad. Sometimes he votes with them, and they rub their palms at the thought that they have ensnared him at last, but on the next ballot he is gone again. They fail to recognize that sometimes, though not often, the G. O. P. exhibits liberal tendencies. As for Borah, his record, in its larger aspects, reveals greater consistency than they give him credit for. The Old Guard cannot capture him any more than they could Aldrich, who soon discovered that, first of a long line of diagnosticians, he had been entirely wrong in his estimate of the breezy boy from Boise.

Almost immediately the new chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor showed himself to be animated by a political philosophy which eastern Republicans have never been able to understand. Far from safeguarding Aldrich's conception of capitalism, Borah proceeded to tear it down. Soon he was reporting out, and with the roaring, rollicking assistance of Theodore Roosevelt, passing through the Senate the most radical proposals ever advanced in that holy chamber. There were bills establishing the eight-hour day on government contracts, bills for the creation of a new and revolutionary Department of Labor, sub-

Wide World

READY FOR ACTION

versive resolutions for investigation of the twelve-hour day and seven-day week in the sacrosanct iron and steel industry. And there was none to stop the youngster from going this gait forever, it seemed.

These were, I imagine, the happiest days of Mr. Borah's career. He was discharging his duties to the "underdog," and in the White House sat a kin spirit who enjoyed hugely the consternation of the bosses and split his sides at the spectacle of a cowboy-lawyer come to judgment. Little wonder that Mr. Borah, in discussing the charge that he cannot and will not coöperate with his political peers, replies angrily: "Since Roosevelt left the White House there has been no leader of the Republican party I could coöperate with!"

It is, I find, Mr. Borah's failure to support Roosevelt's third party in 1912 that has given rise to the suspicion that he does not "go through," that he is, to speak plainly, a trimmer. The record shows, however, that the Senator agreed to support "Teddy," and even handled his delegate contests at Chicago, with the definite understanding that he would not join an independent movement. Roosevelt himself had given public and private pledges that no third party was contemplated, no matter how the convention fight terminated.

Mr. Borah is not so regular that he is averse to an independent movement. But he believes that a third party cannot be successfully launched by a few men at the top, that it must grow upward from the people. Never, in his public career, has he seen the time when a third party was either wise or feasible. When and if he does, it is probable that he will become its Nestor, possibly its presidential candidate should there be a popular demand for him. Intensely practical, he thinks that he can accomplish more good within than without the ranks. Both Roosevelt and "Old Bob La Follette," who tilted against presidential windmills in 1924, recognized and appreciated the Senator's attitude in this respect.

Even so, Mr. Borah took an unequivocal stand on his return to Idaho in 1912. Although he had been renominated by the legislature, he offered to submit his anti-Taft brand of Republicanism to popular vote if the legislators who had voted for him wished it. There was none to accept his challenge, but his address in the Methodist church at Meridian, Idaho, on September 14 is worth quotation for the light it casts upon his conception of Republicanism—and upon William Edgar Borah:

"If they say to you that Borah is trimming, that he does not take a stand, ask them upon what question, upon what issue, upon what measure in this Congress or this campaign he has failed to take an open and decided and positive stand. Ask them if they have any doubt as to what his position will be on all these questions in the coming Congress.

"It is because I am positive on these questions that the opposition is coming from certain sources to my reëlection. It is because I refuse to yield my views or modify my opinion that they are dissatisfied with me. If I were more uncertain, they would be far more certain in their support of me. If I were a little more unsteady, they would be more steadfast.

"Do you people want a man in the

(Continued on Page 348)

International

A HARD RIDER

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NEAR THE PIT
Flashing orders to buy or sell wheat in Chicago

What Happened to Wheat?

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

ON THE fifth of October wheat for December delivery sold on the Chicago Board of Trade at 44 5-8 cents, the lowest price for either the cash article or futures in the history of the Exchange, while in the Liverpool market futures touched the lowest levels since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Winnipeg market had already established, some weeks previously, the lowest prices known in Canada since the prairie provinces became of importance as wheat producers.

The significance of all this so far as the United States is concerned is that it represented a drop of more than a dollar a bushel in about two years, that the price level reached is below the average cost of production of wheat in this country, and that it came about in spite of the desperate efforts of a Government-created farm relief agency, delegated with the broadest powers and backed up by a fund of half a billion dollars.

Broadly speaking, wheat prices are now low because world production of wheat during the last five years has exceeded the world's consumptive capacity, the consequence being that reserves at the end of each year exceeded the reserves of the year before. It was quite natural that prices should show a declining tendency under these conditions, and the decline has been accelerated during the past two years as the result of a number of unusual events, including depressed economic conditions, the activities of the United States government in the wheat market, and the return of Russia as an exporter of wheat on a large scale.

Specifically, the present unparalleled situation began to take shape in the summer of 1929. Oddly enough, it had its first inception in circumstances which promised very high prices A small crop of wheat in the United States, and one of the smallest ever raised in Canada, resulted in a swift advance in prices in June and July of 1929, December wheat at Chicago going to $1.56 a bushel. Two-dollar wheat was freely predicted and when, a short time later, it developed that the outlook for the new Argentine crop, which would be harvested in December, was anything but favorable this prophecy assumed something of the nature of a certainty.

The predicted price, however, was based in part upon the assumption that European requirements for the season would not vary greatly from those of the preceding year, when they exceeded 900,000,000 bushels. But with a deflated pocketbook and visions of very high prices in the offing, Europe entered upon a period of retrenchment and began her so-called boycott of North American wheat. Larger native supplies than usual, coupled with free offerings from the old Argentine crop, enabled her to pursue this policy for some weeks.

Then the miracle which she perhaps hoped would happen and bring about lower wheat prices actually came to pass, the drastic break in the stock market carrying them down to levels which a few weeks earlier would have seemed impossible. Grain markets the world over became more or less disorganized. Complete demoralization was narrowly averted. In this country the entrance of the Federal Farm Board proved to be a decidedly unsettling influence.

The agricultural marketing act of June 15, 1929, was the result of insistent demands for some form of farm relief, to which the present national administration stood practically pledged. So, notwithstanding that the governments of other countries had already provided in silk, rubber, coffee and sugar four shining examples of the wrong kind of farm relief and the practical certainty of its failure in the end, Congress passed the farm marketing act through the provisions of which an attempt was to be made to stabilize prices of both wheat and cotton in this country.

THE results of government aid in connection with the four commodities first mentioned may be summarized as follows: In Japan the price of raw silk fell from a high point of $16 a pound in 1920 to a low of $2 a pound in 1930, and production increased in spite of efforts to reduce it. The British attempt to elevate and stabilize rubber prices started when rubber was 20 cents a pound. It was temporarily successful, the price being lifted to $1.20 a pound. Last year it went to 8 cents, the low price for all time. Brazil's coffee valorization schemes were tried over a series of years, and under them the price fell from 20 cents to 8 cents a pound, with a huge increase in production. Raw sugar has had the aid of more than a hundred individual governments and has fallen most in prices. In 1920 it was selling in

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New York at 20 cents a pound. In 1930 it sold at 1 cent a pound.

Under the provisions of the farm marketing act the Federal Farm Board was empowered to buy and sell wheat and cotton in the open market at will, and to lend money to farmers at rates below current market rates. In October, 1929, cotton was selling at 18 cents. On October 21 the Board announced that cotton was too cheap and that it would take steps to peg the price at 16 cents. Today, almost two years later, cotton is selling in this country at less than 8 cents a pound, and the government owns some 2,500,000 bales, worth approximately $90,000,000, or about half the fixed price, which it is holding off the market.

A few days after the Board announced a fixed price for cotton it announced a fixed price for wheat. Chicago wheat was then around $1.23 a bushel. The Board worked out a schedule of pegged prices for the different markets and different classes of wheat, the Chicago basis to be $1.18. Today this same wheat is selling around 50 cents. In addition, the Board owns an estimated 250,000,000 bushels of cash wheat, bought at an average price of well over a dollar a bushel, which is also being held off the market.

The huge quantity of wheat was acquired by the Farm Board during a period of about a year and a half. First purchases were made at $1.18, the idea being to hold the wheat until the large withdrawal and the consequent artificial scarcity forced the price up. While this action did temporarily stiffen domestic prices, it had exactly the opposite effect on Liverpool prices, which are a true reflection of world prices.

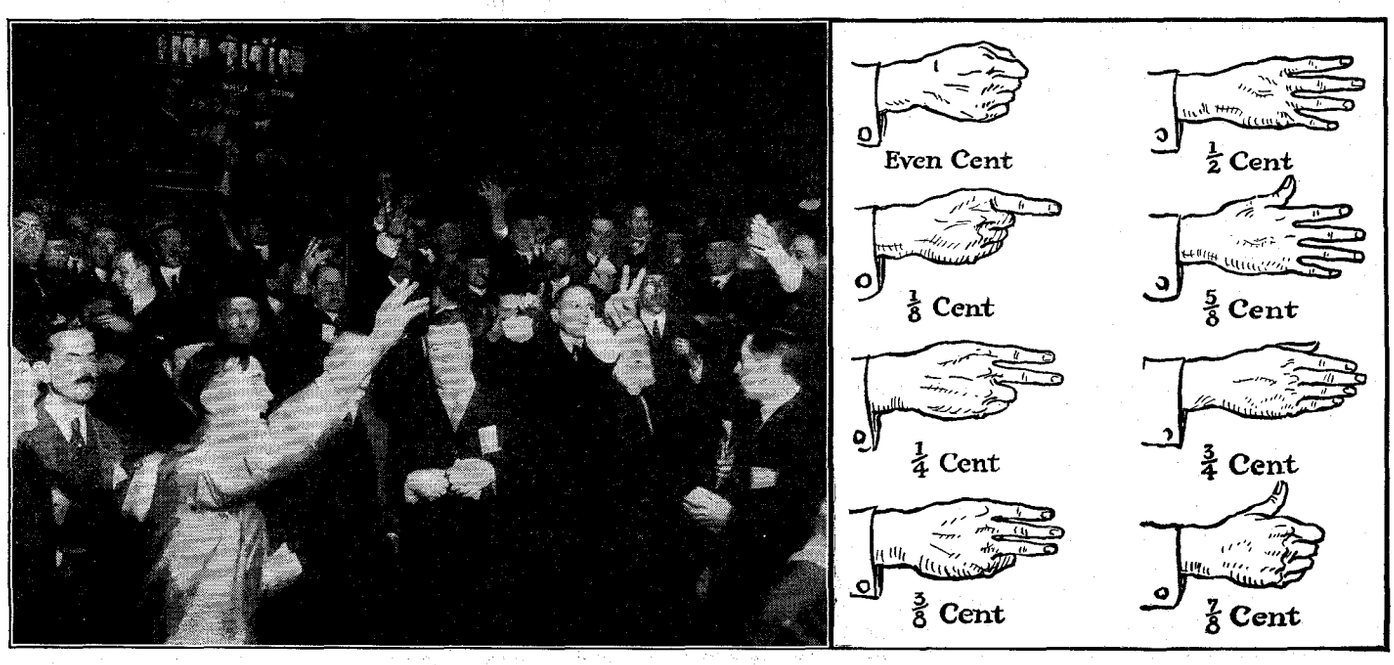
The Farm Board's next venture was in the futures market. Through its agency, the Grain Stabilization Corporation, it bought large quantities of December contracts on which it accepted delivery. Support of the March and May, 1931, deliveries followed in turn. But all these efforts proved unavailing to turn the tide, and prices continued to work lower. Meantime, the Board turned its attention to securing a reduction of wheat acreage in this country as the best solution of the problem, and its appeals finally brought about a small cut in winter wheat. But even Nature seemed against the Board, for the smaller acreage produced what may prove to be, when the final returns are in, the largest crop of winter wheat in the history of the country.

Recording the Changes in Wheat Prices

It is, of course, impossible to tell to just what extent the activities of the Farm Board were responsible for the present situation in wheat. It is probably true that the Board's announcement that wheat prices were "too low" and the Canadian pool's position about the same time that it would hold wheat for $2 a bushel were instrumental in creating the impression among European consumers that they were being held up for higher prices, thereby causing a feeling of resentment. Some of the regular consumers of large quantities of American wheat began to raise their tariffs against our product. Germany, for example, increased her tariff to $1.62 a bushel; France and Italy raised theirs to 82 cents. Steps were also taken to conserve native supplies in every way possible, and to reduce consumption of the foreign article.

During recent months uncertainty in the minds of the trade and the outside public as to just when, where and how the Farm Board would dispose of its holdings of surplus wheat undoubtedly has had its effect in curtailing speculation on the grain exchanges, a circumstance which has worked against the market. According to official figures, the volume of speculative trading in wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade during the past year has averaged about one-fourth that of normal times. The public invariably is on the bull side of market, its support is an aid to higher prices. In the case of wheat, absence of such support weakens the buying power necessary to absorb hedging sales.

(Continued on Page 351)



WHAT THE SIGNALS MEAN IN THE WHEAT PIT

At the left traders are flashing their orders by signals, and at the right is a chart showing the signals used by them for fractions

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T. R. Defies the Coal Barons

The Ninth Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

By herculean and extra-legal efforts, T. R. cut short the anthracite strike of 1902, forcing the "coal barons" to agree to arbitration, as told in this installment. He was ready for anything, even for operating the mines with soldiers, and he won his campaign. The next installment tells of his handling of the Alaska Boundary dispute with Great Britain and the tension with Germany and other European countries over the Venezuelan debt problem

A STORM was brewing in March, 1902, which was to add immeasurably to Roosevelt's fame. The threat of a strike in the anthracite coalfields, with economic disaster and probable defeat for the Republican party in the congressional elections that fall, was causing dissension in the ranks of the industrialists. They had been united in condemnation of the Northern Securities suit. This time, opposing the stupidities of the extreme conservatives, Roosevelt had as allies J. Pierpont Morgan, Elihu Root, Charles M. Schwab, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

". . . . Let me thank you," wrote Roosevelt to Morgan, when the crisis had passed, "for the service you rendered the whole people. If it had not been for your going in the matter, I do not see how the strike could have been settled at this time, and the consequences that might have followed . . . . are . . . . very dreadful to contemplate."

Abuses in the coalfields had long been comparable to the horrors of slavery in the South. In a hundred dismal mining towns in Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania and the other coal-producing states, the scaffold of the mine cast its shadow of despair. In Ohio, in 1886, the average annual wage was $239 a year, and the men worked from ten to twelve hours a day underground. By 1901 the wage had risen to about $560 a year, but conditions of employment were irregular and hazardous. In 1899 there had been 358 fatal accidents; in 1901, although the number of men employed had increased only slightly, 441 men had been killed. This was before the day of workmen's compensation. The only recourse for death or injury was a long lawsuit with any possible damages fairly certain to go to attorneys.

The miners had struggled against their lot. Hope had come to them in 1885 when word drifted into the mining regions that the American Federation of Labor was being formed. Hope was seen, also, in the strength of the Knights of Labor. But the following year the Haymarket riots in Chicago caused bitter hostility toward labor and its leaders. In the opinion of Samuel Gompers, the riots delayed the advance of the labor movement for years. They brought, also, profound discouragement to a young miner named John Mitchell, who was one day to be president of the United Mine Workers of America. He was to win the respect and friendship of Theodore Roosevelt.

By 1902 it was war. On one side was Mitchell, whose "quiet brown eyes and swarthy face misled people into taking him for an Italian." On the other, to select the most prominent of the mine operators, was George F. Baer of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. It was Baer who growled that anthracite mining was "a business . . . . not a religious, sentimental or academic proposition," who knew that "God, in His infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of the country" to the right people. President Roosevelt, with Morgan and the rest behind him and with public opinion almost unanimously for the miners, played a dual rôle of arbitrator and judge.

Mitchell had become president of the United Mine Workers of America in 1899. The following summer he called the strike which made absurd the contentions of Republican orators that all was well in the best of worlds. The men had received no increase in wages since 1880. They demanded ten per cent, and also that they be paid on the basis of a 2,340-pound ton instead of a ton which ran from 2,700 to 4,000 pounds. Otherwise, they would strike. It was this disturbance which Mark Hanna settled by obtaining the ten per cent increase for the men.

The main grievances remained, however. As Samuel Gompers later described it, children were "brought into the world by the company doctor, lived in a company house or hut, were nurtured by the company store . . . . laid away in the company graveyard." The abuses of long hours of work for which the men were paid nothing, unfair prices at the company store, squalor and filth in the housing accommodations—all these remained. The miners had tasted blood in their 1900 victory, and in March, 1902, they asked for another wage increase, a shorter working day, and a minimum of fair play in the weighing of coal.

The probability of another strike distressed influential optimists, among them Senator Hanna, who had seen in the National Civic Federation the dawn of industrial peace. This was an outgrowth of the Civic Federation of Chicago, started in 1893, and Hanna had first become interested during the 1900 campaign. He had only profound contempt

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TYPICAL MINERS OF 1902

Conditions in mining towns thirty years ago were unbearable. Miners and their families lived in squalor and filth—at the mercy of their employers

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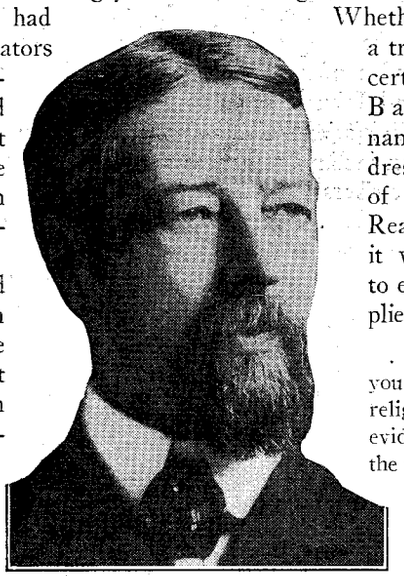
for employers who could not conciliate their workers. After the National Civic Federation had averted a strike at the plants of the United States Steel Corporation, Hanna actively allied himself with it. He became chairman of the executive committee in 1901.

The conclusion is inescapable that the arrogance of the operators caused the coal strike of 1902. In October, 1901, Mitchell went to New York City for a conference with E. B. Thomas of the Erie Coal Company and was denied a hearing. Then Hanna drew J. P. Morgan into the dispute. The financier saw Mitchell and said he would do "what was right" in the situation. He had great power over the railroads and their affiliated coal companies. But Morgan also listened to Baer and the other operators. He hesitated, and soon it was too late. It was really too late when the National Civic Federation offered its services. "There will be strikes," said Hanna, "as long as there are hot-headed and unreasonable men on both sides or either side."

At a meeting of the Federation on December 17, 1901, Mitchell insisted that he had never seen a strike "that could not have been averted had representatives of the two sides had a conference before the strike was declared." This time peace seemed impossible. The Federation had behind it John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Schwab, Grover Cleveland, Julius Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific, Gompers and Archbishop Ireland. But the miners were angry because their overtures had been rejected. The operators remembered the concessions made in 1900, and were determined that the politicians of the country should not again frighten them into weakness.



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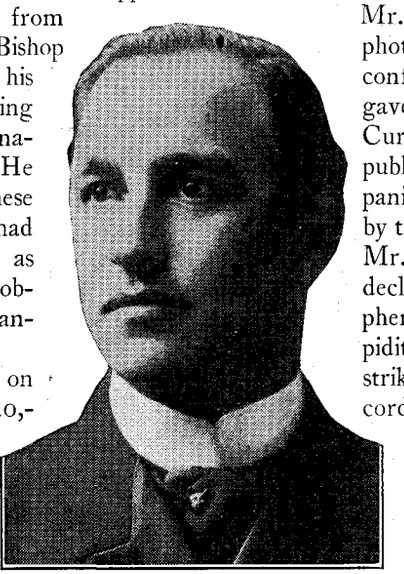
GEORGE F. BAER
Prominent coal operator who earned T. R.'s contempt

Mark Hanna labored incessantly, but election day was far off as the strike grew imminent and he could not, as in 1900, point to the ancient perils of Bryanism, socialism and ultimate government ownership of the mines. On March 18, 1902, the miners voted to strike on a date to be determined by their leaders. On March 22 Mitchell again sought peace. He telegraphed to Baer and asked whether the Philadelphia and Reading would join with the other coal companies in hearing the grievances of the men. They would not, he replied, and said that the United Mine Workers had disturbed the discipline "essential to the conduct of business." When, in May, another appeal reached Baer, this time from Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Potter, he replied with his famous telegram pointing to the non-ecclesiastical nature of the coal business. He was reluctant to enlist these eminent prelates, who had offered their services as "experts in the mixed problems of business and philanthropy."



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JOHN MITCHELL
President of the United Mine Workers of America

The strike began on May 12, 1902, with 140,000 miners idle. On the whole it was a peaceful war. The men refrained from violence and sabotage. It was not long before a singular group had rallied behind John Mitchell at his headquarters at Hazleton, Pennsylvania. One of them was John R. Commons, the economist. Henry Demarest Lloyd made frequent visits. It was known that Archbishop Ireland was in sympathy with the men, and a lesser churchman, Father J. J. Curran of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, offered what help lay in his power. It developed that he was able to do a great deal.

Whether it was the result of a trap laid for Baer is uncertain, but a Wilkes-Barre photographer named W. F. Clark addressed a letter to the head of the Philadelphia and Reading, pointing out that it was his religious duty to end the strike. Baer replied on July 17, 1902:

> . . . . I do not know who you are. I see that you are a religious man; but you are evidently biased in favor of the right of the working man to control a business in which he has no other interest than to secure fair wages for the work he does.
>
> I beg of you not to be discouraged. The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for—not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of this country. . . . .
>
> Do not be discouraged. Pray earnestly that right may triumph, always remembering that the Lord God Omnipotent still reigns, and that His reign is one of law and order, and not of violence and crime. . . .

Mr. Clark thoughtfully photographed this singular confession of faith and gave a copy to Father Curran. It was widely published, to the accompaniment of denunciation by the pulpit and the press. Mr. Baer forthwith was declared guilty of blasphemy as well as of stupidity. The cause of the strikers was benefited accordingly.

The strike had reached serious enough proportions by June to cause appeals to Washington for action. On June 27 Roosevelt asked Attorney General Knox whether the coal and railroad companies, which had forced the strike, constituted a combination within the meaning of the Sherman Act. Knox, realizing that the act was then under examination in the Northern Securities case, told the President that there was nothing that he could do. Roosevelt delayed as long as possible, but during August, 1902, while he toured New England, reports came to him that the price of coal was rising rapidly. Cabot Lodge, whom he visited at Nahant, pointed to the probable political consequences.

Then, on the morning of September 3 the President came perilously close to death in an accident. He had spent the previous night at the home of Governor Murray Crane of Massachusetts at Dalton, Massachusetts, and was being driven toward Pittsfield when his carriage was struck by a trolley car. William Craig, a Secret Service operative, was killed. The President was thrown clear of the barouche and, with Governor Crane, lay by the side of the road as members of the presidential party rushed up. He was not, it appeared, badly hurt. His face was bruised and he walked with a limp. But he insisted, with the determination to ignore physical disability which had become an obsession, on continuing his tour.

Still lame, Roosevelt left Washington again on September 5 for the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Chattanooga, Tennessee. On September 19, with the coal shortage

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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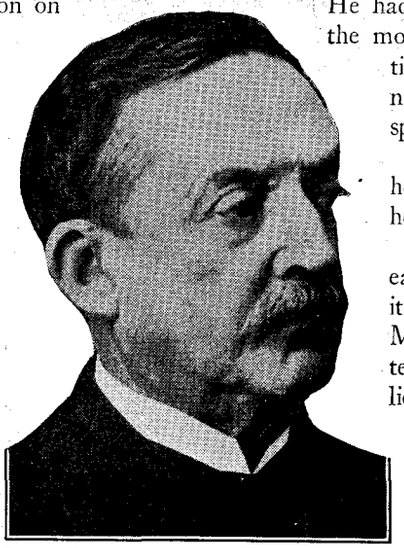
becoming more acute, he started on a trip which was to have reached into the Far West. His leg grew much worse, however. In reality the injury was extremely serious, although the facts were carefully kept from the public. Blood poisoning was threatened. The trip was halted at Indianapolis, where an abscess was opened and the bone scraped. He was back in Washington on September 24.

"My leg was attended to just in time," he told Lodge, "as (in strict confidence) there had begun to be trouble with the bone."

It was well that the President had returned. Confined to a wheel-chair in the temporary executive mansion on Lafayette Place, being used because of extensive alterations at the White House, Roosevelt received alarming reports on the coal strike. From Lodge at Nahant came three letters before the week was over. The trust issue had been admirably treated, Lodge said. The tariff need not cause alarm. But "the rise in the price of coal we cannot argue with," and unless something was done by the first week in November the political consequences would be grave. Could not Knox somehow exert pressure on the operators, whose "insensate folly" might bring about the "awful step" of government ownership? On September 27 the Massachusetts Senator told of schools being closed for lack of fuel, of probable "political disaster," of the threat of a Democratic victory.

". . . . You have no power or authority, of course," he told his friend in the White House. ". . . . Is there nothing we can *appear* to do?"

The political consequences of inaction goaded Roosevelt to do what he could. The great obstacle, however, was the determination of the operators "to do away with what they regard as the damage done to them by submitting to interference for political reasons in 1900. From the outset they have said that they were never going to submit again to having their laborers given a triumph . . . . as Senator Hanna secured the triumph in 1900." Besides, Roosevelt pointed out, his own position was weak. He had granted no favors to the moneyed men of the nation, and how could he now make a "private or special appeal to them"?



Brown Bros.

MATT QUAY

Republican boss in Pennsylvania, who "had the ear of the coal operators"

"I am at my wits' end how to proceed . . . ." he complained.

". . . . We have no earthly responsibility for it," he lamented to Mark Hanna on September 27, "but the public at large will . . . . visit upon our heads responsibility for the shortage in coal . . . ."

Not very optimistically, the President summoned Matt Quay to Washington for consultation; the Pennsylvanian, if anyone, had the ear of the coal operators. He also consulted Elihu Root, whose corporate connections had been a liability in the Northern Securities suit but were now a valuable asset. On September 29 there was basis for faint hope in a letter from Mark Hanna who had been in New York City in quest of funds for the congressional campaign and who had conferred with both J. P. Morgan and John Mitchell. Morgan, the Republican National Chairman reported, had been inclined toward compromise with the strikers but "Mr. Baer . . . . to my surprise . . . . absolutely refused to entertain it . . . . "

On the same day Governor Crane of Massachusetts offered a plan. Both sides, he suggested, should be summoned to Washington immediately and the President, in their joint presence, might find a meeting ground for settlement. Roosevelt agreed to make the attempt. Telegrams were sent to the principals in the dispute naming October 3 as the day for a meeting at the temporary White House.

"I FELT," Roosevelt subsequently explained, "that the crisis was not one in which I could act on the Buchanan principle of striving to find some Constitutional reason for inaction; and . . . the first thing to do was to try to get . . . . both sides together to see whether by an appeal to their patriotism I could bring about an agreement."

In front of 22 Lafayette Place, on the morning of October 3, 1902, congregated the groups which always appear when something of importance is going on. Most of them were the idle curious who fringe the outskirts of the locale when history is being made. There was a policeman or two. The Secret Service men looked at everyone, including the policemen, with distrust. Washington newspaper correspondents stood near cabs ready to dash to their offices when news came.

That morning, as for days, there had been little on the front pages except news of the anthracite strike. In New York City the schools had been closed because there was no coal. The price of the small stocks being hoarded in various yards had already risen to $30 and $35 a ton, and soon there would be none at any price. It was mild in the Capital on the morning of October 3, a Friday, with no hint of the cold that lurked but a few weeks ahead and which, so everyone predicted, would bring suffering and riots.

Those who had gathered early in front of the temporary White House on Lafayette Place had watched important figures hurry inside; Attorney General Knox, John Mitchell, George F. Baer, and other coal operators and

HE TOOK THE BULL BY THE HORNS

Mitchell is represented as having more courage than prudence

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union leaders. Beyond this, they saw little, although from across the street a small section of the conference room on the second floor was visible. Somebody said that the man who appeared to be taking notes at a table was William Loeb, a presidential secretary. There was an exciting moment when a wheel chair flashed by, bearing a very vigorous invalid, who exhibited his teeth and gesticulated as he vanished. That, said members of the crowd, was Teddy Roosevelt, who was laying down the law to the coal barons and would end the strike. At 5 o'clock that afternoon it became known, however, that Roosevelt had been defied. The conference had failed.

TIME TO TAKE IT OFF THE FIRE
The coal strike dragged on so long that T. R. feared "a winter fuel famine"

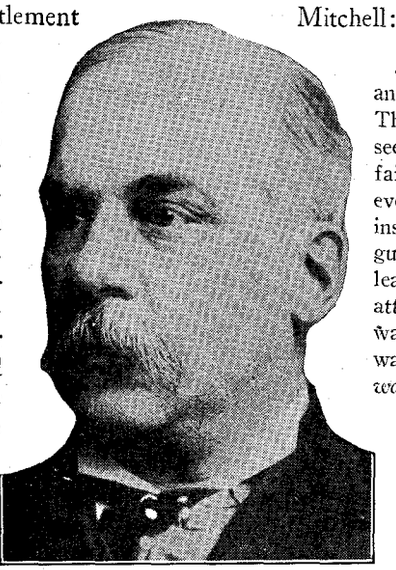
THE wall which obstructed the view of the curious on that October day still blocks the scene. The notes which Loeb took have long since vanished, and only censored accounts of the wrangle have survived. That it was a bitter session, the air filled with invective, is apparent from the hints dropped by Roosevelt to his intimates and from the letters he wrote. Baer of the Philadelphia and Reading was the principal object of the President's wrath. It was this confidant of God, according to rumor, to whom Roosevelt referred when he told of one operator more offensive than the rest.

"If it wasn't for the high office I hold," he said, "I would have taken him by the seat of the breeches and the nape of the neck and chucked him out of that window."

"He was justified in throwing chairs at them [the operators] . . . ." wrote Colonel Benjamin Montgomery, Chief of the White House telegraphers, whose duties had taken him in and out of the conference room.

Baer, the rest of the coal operators, the Attorney General and Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright waited at one end of the large room just before 11 o'clock. At the other stood Mitchell of the United Mine Workers and two aides. A few seconds after the hour the President wheeled himself in and started to speak. Had the adversaries now before him considered a third party to this dispute, the public? Roosevelt admitted that the government had slight power to interfere, but "the terrible nature of the catastrophe impending . . . . a winter fuel famine" had made obvious the need for peace. The meeting had not been called "for a discussion of your respective claims and positions. I appeal to your patriotism."

Mitchell, on behalf of the miners, denied responsibility for "this terrible state of affairs." The strikers were willing to have the President appoint a commission to pass on the issues. They would accept its decision as final, whatever the ruling. At this point Roosevelt suggested a recess until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But when Baer, spokesman for the operators, began his answer later in the day, all hope of a settlement vanished. He said angrily that thousands of men would be at work except for the "intimidation, violence and crime inaugurated" by the organization of which Mitchell was the chief. In contrast to the restrained and gentlemanly utterances of a labor leader who had started life as a breaker boy, the Philadelphia millionaire showed shocking absence of taste. Although the strike had been unusually peaceful, he accused the miners of sabotage and rebuked the President for "negotiating with the fomenters of . . . . anarchy and insolent defiance of law." What was needed, prescribed Baer, was restoration of "the majesty of the law, the only guardian of a free people . . . . " Otherwise, government was "a contemptible failure."



Brown Bros.

J. P. MORGAN
who was instrumental in settling the strike

"We object," he remarked after the meeting, "to being called here to meet a criminal, even by the President of the United States."

Roosevelt varied between anger and contempt. ". . . There was only one man in that conference who behaved like a gentleman and that man was not I," he was supposed to have said. ". . . . The operators," he wrote to Mark Hanna that night, "assumed a fairly hopeless attitude." None of them "appeared to such advantage as Mitchell, whom most of them denounced with such violence and rancor . . . . that . . . . he did very well to keep his temper." At other times, Roosevelt added, the operators had attacked the Attorney General "for not having brought suit against the miners' union, as violating the Sherman anti-trust law." The operators, the President informed Murray Crane, had exhibited "extraordinary stupidity and bad temper." Two days after the conference the President addressed a letter to Robert Bacon which was obviously meant for the eyes of J. P. Morgan. He described the temperate conduct of Mitchell:

> . . . He made no threats and resorted to no abuse. The proposition he made seemed to me eminently fair. The operators refused even to consider it; used insolent and abusive language about him, and in at least two cases assumed an attitude toward me which was one of insolence. This was not important. But it *was* important that they should absolutely decline to consider matters from the standpoint of the public in any way.

It was important, too, that the operators had sacrificed the last remnants of public support. Senator Lodge wrote that his anger was so great that he dared not speak of the coal barons in public. With Roosevelt in the White House, accustomed to reveal his real sentiments to almost every visitor, word soon spread regarding the nature

(Continued on Page 350)

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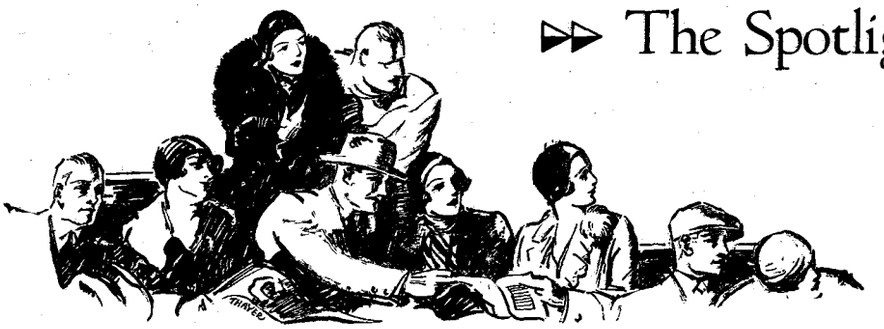
The Spotlight on Sports



Charity Football

COMPROMISES are usually unsatisfactory. Half way measures please nobody. Take those round-robin charity games, for example, which the football authorities of Yale, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, Brown, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Princeton and Cornell have agreed to play as a post-season response to Owen Young's appeal for the unemployment fund.

The plan is to stage two "gridiron tournaments." At the Yale Bowl on December 5, Yale, Brown, Dartmouth and Holy Cross will meet in three so-called "games," crowded into the regular sixty minutes of play. The four combatants will draw lots to see which teams will be paired against each other. Let us say that Brown and Dartmouth are paired together. They will play a twenty-minute game, the loser to be eliminated from the tournament. Yale and Holy Cross will then take the field for another curtailed match. The winners of the elimination rounds will meet in a final contest likewise restricted to twenty minutes.

On Wednesday, December 9, Princeton, Penn, Cornell and Columbia will play a similar round-robin tournament at Yankee Stadium, New York.

Customers will thus get the regulation sixty minutes of football for a two-dollar ticket, but no eleven will be asked to play more than forty minutes. Several problems come to mind. What will happen in case of a tie—a very likely eventuality in so short a game? Probably the referee will give the decision (as in boxing) to the team that has forced the issue, come the nearest to a score, or piled up the most first downs. Pop Warner would approve that scheme—he favors awarding one point per down. This round-robin plan will give the winner of the first bracket twenty minutes more rest than the victor in the second tilt. That doesn't seem fair.

Will these round robins serve their purpose by netting a large sum of money for the needy unemployed? Personally, I am rather dubious. It seems to me that this tournament scheme smacks too much of an exhibition. The competing colleges have literally nothing at stake. They are indulging in a kind of football hippodrome which lacks sporting significance.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that football addicts won't shell out for a charity game unless it constitutes, in itself, a genuine attraction. To be brutally frank they're interested in a rousing football game—not in philanthropy. If a benefit game is to be worth staging it must bring together two high ranking elevens or at least two traditional rivals.

To my mind, the athletic heads of the eight colleges named above have dodged the issue raised by Owen Young's appeal. They lacked the courage to say yes or no. Harvard has been pilloried in the press for bluntly declining to commercialize its eleven even for so worthy a cause. Perhaps the Crimson chiefs are grossly inconsiderate in thus turning a deaf ear to cries of distress, but at least they didn't pussyfoot or temporize. They said no and they meant no. That took courage—in view of public opinion's obvious reaction.

The eight assenting colleges evaded a direct answer. They said yes with reservations—offered a somewhat shoddy substitute for the genuine article. I hope I'm wrong about the pulling power of these exhibitions; I hope they jam the Yale Bowl and the Yankee Stadium, but I fear a financial frost. It looks like a case of unwilling acquiescence.

In principle, I am opposed to charity games played by college teams. It doesn't seem right to drive the entering wedge of commercialism in this manner. Still, a national emergency may justify an exception, even though a principle must be sacrificed. One cannot deny that the colleges have laid themselves open to these demands by inviting the general public to support their athletic programs via stadium turnstiles.

Princeton vs. Pennsylvania

THE ALIGNMENT OF COLLEGES in the two charity tournaments may have interesting repercussions. For example, Princeton and Pennsylvania, inveterate football foes since the "Trenton massacre" back in the horny-handed nineties, might be tossed together by the luck of the draw. In that case, I know a lot of sadistic souls who would cheerfully fork out two dollars to see the shindy!

The Tiger-Quaker feud is as deep seated if less logical than the McCoy-Hatfield vendetta. Perhaps these two ancient universities are situated too near together for their own peace of mind. Neighbors are notoriously quarrelsome.

Once Princeton and Penn have met for Charity's sake and discovered a mutual bond of sportsmanship it may pave the way for a renewal of an exceedingly colorful series. After all, there is no reason why the youngsters who now wear the Red and Blue and the Orange and Black should inherit the childish bitterness that animated their dads in an era when grudges were very much the vogue.

Certainly Princeton needs another natural rival of major rank. Synthetic rivalries—such as intersectional games—don't begin to fill the Palmer Stadium. Princeton's athletic treasury has felt the pinch of depression more than have the box offices of its Big Three colleagues. A Pennsylvania game is just the financial stimulant needed to pull old Nassau out of the red. All Philadelphia would migrate to Princeton.

Attention, Radio Announcers!

SECRET SERVICE reports have it that Harvard is rehearsing a "league of nations" triple pass behind closed gates. The ball goes from Pescosolido to Scher-eschewsky to Moushegian. Chorus from the press box and proof room—"Say it ain't true, Coach Casey, say it ain't true."

Harvard will probably pull that one with three minutes left to make the mid-afternoon edition.

Missionary

A GLANCE at the New York University football roster indicates that a majority of the varsity candidates acquired their football ability in the prep schools of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania—hotbeds of gridiron talent. For some occult reason N. Y. U., which had a strictly metropolitan clientele prior to the "Chick" Meehan football renaissance,

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has suddenly begun to attract schoolboys of varsity timber from such athletically inclined schools as Cushing Academy, Dean Academy, Kiski, Deerfield, Medford High, Worcester Academy, Hebron, Wyoming Seminary and Perkiomen.

Practically all these New England and Pennsylvania football players are enrolled in the N. Y. U. School of Commerce down in Washington Square. Some of them may never have seen the campus proper, which is up on University Heights above the turgid Harlem river. They say that the Washington Square division of N. Y. U. offers as fine a commercial and financial course as is obtainable anywhere. It constitutes the big talking point when the topic of education is broached to a prospective student.

"Chick" Meehan, a likable go-getter, happens to be a born missionary. The fact that his converts to the N. Y. U. doctrine have a flair for football shouldn't be held against him. Meehan was hired to give N. Y. U. a winning eleven. He is a first-rate coach, but even a Rockne must have material. Meehan has the material; his predecessors were less fortunate. "Chick's" prep school affiliations plus his pleasing personality give him the inside track to the ear of a youngster who is debating what college to select. After Meehan gets through talking there is seldom any further room for debate—N. Y. U. is the richer by a hulking tackle or a hip-weaving back.

Jobs can be found for students who aren't self-supporting, and few of these country boys from the farms of New England or the coal regions of Pennsylvania have any money. They are quartered in flats around the Greenwich Village district or up on University Avenue, The Bronx, the section where Meehan lives. It isn't even necessary for them to cross the N. Y. U. campus on autumn Saturdays, for all the games are played in Yankee Stadium.

This baseball park environment has resulted in a large non-collegiate clientele. The N. Y. U. undergrads are lost in the huge house that Ruth built, but thousands of New York Yankee baseball rooters wave violet banners and yell for what they call "our club." Colonel Ruppert, owner of Yankee Stadium, has always been eager for a paying attraction during the "off season." Now he has one.

It must seem odd to N. Y. U. graduates of a less glamorous gridiron era on University Heights to see this New York City college represented by boys from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

GEORGE TREVOR.

The Week in Business

Stock Exchange Blues

WALL STREET monopolized the week's gloom. With most of the important business indications favorable, the investment markets continued to wallow in a bog of pessimism. The only plausible explanation of this strange phenomenon is that the brokers and their customers do not read the papers.

In this country, the clearest note of optimism was sounded in the Chicago grain market, where substantial price increases encouraged the long-suffering farmers to hope that we are on the road back to dollar wheat. This is far from certain, but if the demand for grain continues at rising prices eventually it will do much to loosen up the log jam in rural buying power.

Other encouraging signs are the promise of accelerated steel production, due to requirements of the motor industry; slightly improved retail sales continued in certain markets, in spite of unseasonably warm weather; the further decline of gold exports, with a net loss in gold for the week of less than $6,000,000; and a reduction in the number of bank failures. All of these developments have apparently gone over the heads of the gloom specialists at Wall and Broad. We hope that some one will break the news to them soon.

Incidentally, first reactions on the British elections, inspired by fear of an eventual tariff wall, have been modified by realization of the fact that England will probably move slowly in this important matter, and meanwhile there is a prospect of a brisk demand for raw materials as soon as English production begins to work back toward normal.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 29—68.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 29—65.9.
CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 17—761,719 cars (reduction of 2,145 under preceding week and of 169,386 under same week of 1930).
STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended October 24—28% of capacity (same as preceding week; reduction of 22% under same week of 1930).
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended October 24—daily average gross 2,381,250 barrels (reduction of 55,750 under preceding week; increase of 3,050 over same week of 1930).
BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 29—$5,781,232,000 (reduction of 11.9% under preceding week and of 30.9% under same week of 1930).
FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 29—530 (reduction of 21 under preceding week; increase of 28 over same week of 1930).

Copper's Tough Job

THE world's biggest copper producers have come together in New York to make another try at working out a plan for stabilization, but thus far they have found themselves on the Rocky Road to Dublin. Such strong differences of opinion have developed in informal conferences that they have not yet dared to get together in an open meeting.

As there are only about twenty big producers of copper in the world, the working out of a plan would seem not to be a difficult matter, but some of the leaders are strong for a central marketing organization and others are vigorously opposed to the idea. The latter point to the experience of coffee and rubber and our Federal Farm Board's experiments with wheat and cotton, and say that copper would fare no better.

The rank and file of the copper companies would probably not like the central sales control plan. They see trouble in trying to buck the law of supply and demand, and believe that central control would lead to a virtual corner in the commodity.

It is a hard job, but a vital one. Stocks above ground are the largest in history, and prices the lowest. The copper leaders have no choice but to keep on wrestling until a decision is reached.

Safer Commercial Flying

STRAIGHT from "Casey" Jones of Curtiss-Wright and young Elmer Sperry,

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who is carrying on the work begun by his talented father in the development of gyroscopic instruments for airplanes, we have evidence of the remarkable progress that is constantly being made in reducing the hazards of commercial aviation.

The veteran flyer, now an executive in one of the largest aeronautic enterprises in the world, is proud of the fact that the American air transport lines have hung up a total of 26,000,000 miles of flying without a fatal accident to a passenger. Much of the credit, he says, belongs to the Sperry instruments, which are now part of the equipment of virtually every commercial plane used in the United States.

The elder Sperry's interest in the gyroscopic principle developed from observation of a top with which one of his children was playing. He combed the libraries for information and found very little of it. The subject fascinated him so that he devoted most of his working hours to it, and the result is a set of instruments which come very close to giving the airplane the chief thing it has always needed—automatic control.

Fog, rain and darkness will not much longer interfere with the safe flying and landing of heavier-than-air machines. Thanks to the Sperry instruments, passengers in commercial planes will soon be as safe as if they were in folding beds. Safer.

▸▸*More Gold*

THE gold rush continues. Professor James Harvey Rogers of Yale, with *America Weighs Her Gold* (Yale University Press, $2.50) tosses his hat into the ring beside that of Dr. Lionel D. Edie, whose contribution was reviewed on this page recently.

Professor Rogers finished his manuscript before Great Britain's decision was announced in September, but he saw quite clearly the writing on the wall, and subsequent developments have brought no necessity to change either his premises or his conclusions.

On one point he is sure to be questioned. He discerns a "rock bottom of liquidation." When prices, he says, have ceased their rapid decline and the always lagging costs of American business have adjusted themselves to lower selling prices, reappearing profits will dispel the nightmare of further liquidation. "Toward this price-determined rock bottom liquidation is now tending." But how long must we wait, Professor Rogers? How long?

FRANK A. FALL.

▸▸ The New Movies ◂◂

▸▸*Hating the Hun*

WHILE the troops are marching through the capitals of the world this Armistice Day, it seems fitting that this department, also, should blow a toot on Memory's Bugle. Let us have a moment of silent prayer while we recall a few of the films which taught an amiable and indifferent population to hate the horrible Hun. Thanks

▸▸◂◂

Worth Seeing

DREYFUS CASE: Surprisingly interesting film drama based on the old treason trial.
FIVE STAR FINAL: Effective blasts directed at the tabloids and other cheap papers. Edward G. Robinson does a swell job.
THE GUARDSMAN: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in delightfully effervescent nonsense.
MONKEY BUSINESS: The Marx boys practically destroy an ocean liner before your very eyes.
STREET SCENE: Sylvia Sidney is grand in King Vidor's highly dramatic film. Play by Elmer Rice.
GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD: William Haines in a part which fits him exactly. Entertaining.

▸▸◂◂

to the motion picture (that great aid in visual education) we witnessed, among others, such thrilling dramas as *The Claws of the Hun*, *The Prussian Cur*, *The Kaiser's Finish*, *The Hun Within*, *My Four Years in Germany*, *To Hell With the Kaiser* and *The Kaiser (The Beast of Berlin)*. And now, dear children, if you will open your books, we will go on with today's lesson.

▸▸*"The Mad Genius"*

John Barrymore probably has more innocent fun than anybody in Hollywood. He gets behind impressive beards and yells about such items as "art," "genius" and "temperament" while pretty little blondes shiver and quake. *The Mad Genius* is very much like Svengali, except that in this case Mr. Barrymore is a master in the Russian ballet instead of a singing teacher. There is a lot of talk about art *vs.* love, Miss Marion Marsh being interested in one of the mad master's pupils. Finally Mr. Barrymore is done in with a fire axe backstage, and love is left free to find a way. *The Mad Genius* may amuse you, but it's nothing special.

▸▸*"The Song of Life"*

The Germans have a Russian director about whom they are quite excited—Alexis Granowski. His first picture in German (he was a theatrical director in Russia) has just reached America. The subject is so extraordinary that I am afraid it won't go far, but it is so beautiful and so exciting that it deserves mention. *The Song of Life* is mostly a silent film with a fine musical score and a number of choruses chanted during the action by unseen singers. The central figure is a girl who is so disgusted by the leering relatives at her wedding—and so terrified at the idea of sex, that she runs away and attempts suicide. Then she finds a nice young man, and after some agonizing hospital scenes has a baby and finds that life can be ripe and full joyous all at once. The orchestral score is really grand and Granowski's highly stylized direction is up to the best Russian standard. He works entirely in cinematic terms. The choruses are somewhat like those used by the Greeks, in that they are abstract comment and advice on the story.

Granowski is now making another film which should interest Americans, for it is about the depression. It is called *Mr. O. F.'s Thirteen Trunks*. Thirteen trunks marked "O. F." are delivered to the hotel of a sleepy little town, and although nobody has ever heard of Mr. O. F., the town is so impressed that the hotel builds additional rooms, business picks up, the stores expand and the town becomes a thriving center . . . . all on the basis of the thirteen mysterious trunks. It then turns out that the trunks had been sent to that town by accident. In other words, "prosperity" is only an idea—and comes through an idea—the trunks. The Republicans should get hold of Mr. Granowski.

OLIVER CLAXTON.

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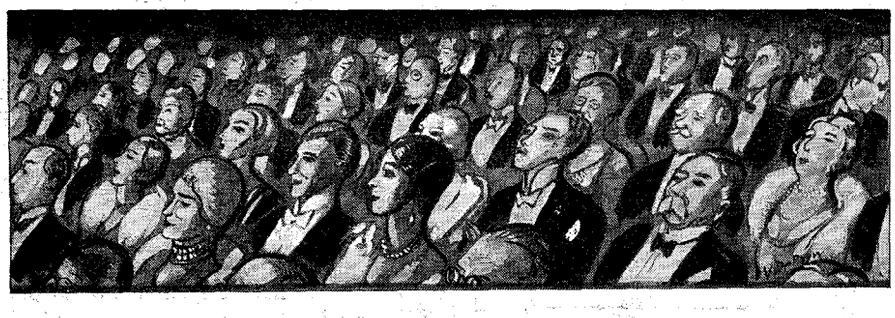
The Latest Plays



"MOURNING Becomes Electra," or *The Greeks Had a Word for It,* is Eugene O'Neill's fourteen-act trilogy on the classic theme of the doomed family. You go to the Guild Theatre at five-fifteen and, with an hour off for dinner, the thing is finally finished at about eleven-thirty. On account of its length, it is the easiest play in the world to make gags about (see above), but it is impossible to laugh it off completely. Mr. O'Neill says everything in the play at least seven times, but so powerful is his pounding that about the fifth time he repeats a point even those of us who prefer neater playwriting are willing to cry "Kamerad!" and admit that what he is saying is worth saying. It is, furthermore, eminently actable and of the theatre. A captious Russian gentleman of my acquaintance, who attended the same performance I did, had occasion to observe that the author had put an example of every sort of bad playwriting from the Greeks to the present day into *Mourning Becomes Electra.* That is not true. He does not use asides and this time leaves it more or less up to the actors to show us what they are really thinking. But he does use soliloquies and his building for an entrance is naïvely crude. His two attempts at comic relief are anything but comic. Editing would unquestionably improve the play, etc., etc., etc. If one says that it is not a play to be thought about, but to be half thought about, it can be replied that that is no valid criticism of a work for the theatre.

I say again that *Mourning Becomes Electra* is actable and of the theatre. That is all that really matters and it is the first play this year of which that can be said without reservations. Alla Nazimova, Alice Brady, Earle Larimore and Thomas Chalmers all do the best acting I have seen them do, but it is because Eugene O'Neill has given them something to act. Robert Edmond Jones is given an opportunity to design significant and symbolic settings and he, too, rises to the occasion. Philip Moeller, the director, must have had misgivings when he approached his task, but he has been gloriously successful in overcoming the difficulties of the unwieldy manuscript with vigor and fine understanding.

The essentials of the story of *Mourning Becomes Electra* can be compressed into a few words: The Mannons are a New England family destined by fate to self-destruction. The daughter, corresponding to Electra in the old stories on the theme, makes life intolerable for everyone, including herself, but after the mother has killed the father, the mother herself and the younger brother himself, she is both strong and weak enough to have to live the rest of her life in the accursed house. Gruesome and unnecessarily revolting though the action is, especially the gratuitous incest *motif* in the last play of the trilogy, it must also again be repeated that the performances of Nazimova as the mother, Alice Brady as the daughter and Earle Larimore as the son are rare experiences in the contemporary theatre.

Wonder Boy, which Jed Harris is currently presenting, is a combination of *Merton of the Movies, Once in a Lifetime, The Man on Stilts* and a few other plays which have satirized the movies and the publicity racket. It contains several very funny scenes, a lot of good Yiddish dialect and a deal of coarseness of speech which is insisted on apparently solely to find out if there are any words left which will make people walk out of a playhouse. As a reporter, I must say that nobody seemed very shocked on the second night. Everybody appeared to think that one more slap at Hollywood was in order.

John Galsworthy has not finished his job in *The Roof.* It has an interesting technical device of showing what goes on in several rooms in a hotel at the same time, but by the time he is through playing with it the author hasn't left himself time to prove his point of the effect of a crisis, such as a fire, on his characters. Mr. Goldsworthy clings to the old-fashioned notion that three hours in a theatre is enough. *East Wind* is another routine operetta with a score better sung than it deserves.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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*Havana, Nassau *and* Bermuda

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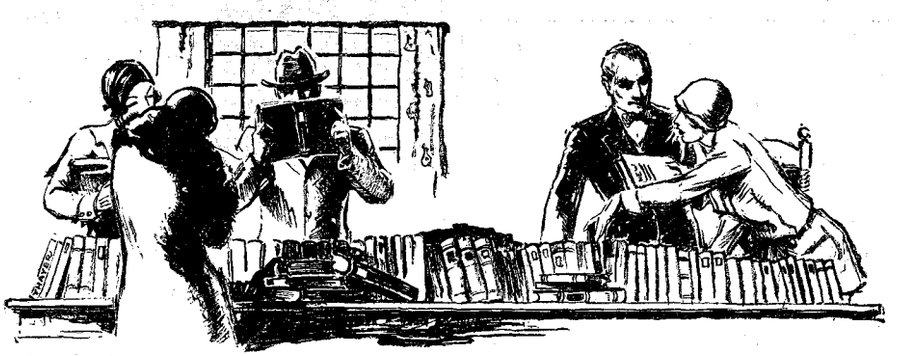
The New Books



Some Fall Novels

"MAID IN WAITING," by John Galsworthy (Scribner's, $2.50). The arch-chronicler of the well-bred, sensitive and distinguished middle class in England has unearthed another quiet drama. The maid in waiting, your heroine, a young woman none too eager for the seasoning of life and quite content to loiter out of love's reach, is a cousin, by marriage, to Fleur Forsyte. Altogether paler than Fleur, and less able to stir her onlookers, this Dinny moves through family crises generously, yet somehow impersonally enough to keep your sympathy in bounds. You live through the crucial moments of the story at second hand, always hemmed in by Dinny's personality. Adrian, Dinny's subtle, weather-stained, anthropological uncle, loves a woman whose husband has been, for four years, insane. Hubert, Dinny's brother, is a soldier who, venturing to go with an American professor on an expedition to Bolivia, has queered himself with both the professor and all Bolivia by shooting a native who tried to knife him in a row over the maltreatment of some mules. This quixotic behavior of Hubert endangers his career, his honor and even his life. Through Adrian's sad love and Hubert's unjust disgrace, Dinny meets raw experience, for the first time, face to face. The American professor, made to fall in love with Dinny, shows up a curious blindness in Mr. Galsworthy's apprehensions. He does not come to life, in the tale, but serves, instead, as a peg on which his creator hangs various generalities about Americans and Englishmen, their differences and their kinship. Apart from the pure tone of realism and of dignity which you can always trust Mr. Galsworthy to produce, *Maid in Waiting* suffers, in comparison with many of its predecessors, a certain loss of vitality. A tired note seems to underlie this last novel. It wakes you to memories of moving moments, yet somehow fails to achieve, anew, your intimate response.

The Waves
By Virginia Woolf
Harcourt, Brace, $2.50

Life washes against the shores of time with the slow immutability of the sea. People, in their development, have a flux like the rising and the ebbing of the tide. Their days, their years, their experiences pile upon each other, cumulative, foreseen, perhaps, yet impossible to deflect, till, at a given moment, the waves break, and darkness falls, and death. So much of a philosophy, so much of a deep-seated resignation underlies Miss Woolf's book. Three men and three women, various as the patterns of Nature are all various and united, as all living things are united by the impetus of life, span the scope of their existence from childhood till middle-age. The mould for each is set from the start. Each speaks for himself, voicing the cloudiness and the incertitudes and the accent peculiar to his personality. There is neither an interchange of talk nor of action. The background emerges only when a detail is needed to clarify your picture of the spirit. A stream of articulated revery flows from each of the characters. Nothing happens, yet everything happens. Love, birth, death, achievement and failure run through these lives, but without pattern, in the formless accidental rhythm of actuality. Life does not take the shape of stories, Miss Woolf maintains. It is a succession of experiences acrid enough, to be sure, yet ultimately confused. So she pours upon you a deluge of implications, intuitions, and halfspoken dreams which comes, not from the people in whom she asks you to believe, but from her own interminable questioning. Her sensitized, syncopated prose lulls you into a stupor from which you emerge, at the end of the book, feeling that she hitched her wagon to a star too remote and illusory.

Two People
By A. A. Milne
E. P. Dutton, $2.50

Marriage, says Mr. Milne, in this first novel which he has attempted, can continue, if properly sheltered, to flower. Keep the world and your neighbors outside the gate. Check your ambitions at the front door. Make few engagements and see that these few are jointly held. Remind yourself, rather regularly, that the greenness of new pastures is only a mirage. Do not withhold your dreams nor let a secret creep between you. Armed with such sagacity, you may be as happy as were Reginald and Sylvia. They were living in the country when Reginald wrote his novel, which he called *Bindweed*. Having wound up the last sentence, he went to tell Sylvia that he was an author. "Fancy!" she said, and gave him a lovely smile. Nevertheless their routine of gardening, lawn-tennis and tenderness might never have been interrupted and, you gather, their story might never have caught Mr. Milne, had not Reginald's novel become a best seller. But *Bindweed* achieved fame. Reginald and Sylvia had to go to London, had to have pictures taken, had to attend dinners, had to lunch in chic little places with florid people. Reginald became a figure at his club. Sometimes he stayed out for dinner, so Sylvia took to making her own plans. One night, when she stayed out till after twelve, the slumbering beast of doubt reared up in Reginald's breast. So the two went back to their house and garden. Mr. Milne, with deft fingers, restores their bloom and leaves you, like them, charmed, cheered and quiescent.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Flight into Darkness
By Arthur Schnitzler
Simon & Schuster, $2.00

Katrin Becomes a Soldier
By Adrienne Thomas
Little Brown, $2.50

Some unusual creations are coming out of Europe. Arthur Schnitzler's *Flight Into Darkness* (Simon & Schuster, $2) is one, Adrienne Thomas's *Katrin Becomes a Soldier*

What to Read

FICTION

Sparks Fly Upward, by Oliver LaFarge: Houghton Mifflin. Love, revolution and caste-conflict in Central America; by the author of Laughing Boy.
Night at Lost End, by George Agnew Chamberlain: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. A credible and exciting romantic mystery.
American Beauty, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. A story of early Colonial settlement, its growth, decay, and final replacement by the new order.
First Person Singular, by Somerset Maugham: Doubleday, Doran. Worldly and brilliant short stories.
Finch's Fortune, by Mazo de la Roche; Little, Brown. The third book about the Whiteoaks family of Jalna.

NON-FICTION

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. The growth and prospects of the American dream; an interpretation of the rise of American civilization.
Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, A Correspondence: Putnam. Interesting, charming, witty.
Savage Paradise, by Margaret Matches: Century. An American girl in New Guinea; something really different in a travel book.
America Weighs Her Gold, by James Harvey Rogers: Yale University Press. For those who want a clear explanation of the effect of the gold supply on economic problems today.
Mahatma Gandhi at Work, edited by C. F. Andrews: Macmillan. The second volume of Gandhi's autobiography, giving a complete view of the man and his philosophy.

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(Little Brown, $2.50) is another. Since Schnitzler died on October 20, his quite short story, published here as a full novel, may attract many readers. Since Fräulein Thomas's is the first war book of significance to have been written by a woman, its publishers, who are also responsible for the American edition of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, may reap the proverbial follow-up harvest. Schnitzler's story is not wholesome; it is another case study made by the noted physician. A quarter of a century ago he wrote his drama entitled *Paracelsus*, in which he made it clear that we know but little about ourselves, virtually nothing about each other, and no-mind's-land is always just around the corner. A little later Schnitzler gave us his story *Weissagung* ("Prophecy"), in which one man's life is all cut out for him; he is neither the master of his fate nor the captain of his soul. But that story had no ending; you have to work it for yourself. *Flight Into Darkness* has a very real ending: Herbert shoots his brother Otto, who was trying to defend him against his own manias; and then Herbert dies at his own hands. The story is of immense interest as reading matter, and it may prove useful to the normal minded if it makes them aware of the fact that they never can tell what interpretation their auditor is giving to their words and deeds. It is a real diary of persecution. The Thomas book is the formal diary of one Catherine Lentz from May 27, 1911, when she was fourteen, to her death as a war nurse at Metz in December, 1916. It has undeniable value because of its Alsace-Lorraine origin. It shows how the Franco-German soldier there blessed his day when he was transferred from the French to the Russian front, how the German Empress failed to visit the Jewish hospitals in Metz, how France might possibly have escaped war altogether had Jaurès not been murdered, how many a soldier was relieved of his agony when the attending physician saw that there was no hope for recovery, and —but why rehearse all the horrors of a war the end of which is not yet anywhere in sight? The theme is a worn one, but despite the fact that *Katrin* is largely an account of love and gangrene, it throws a lot of new light on a period that this obscure but gifted Lorraine woman has thus far passed over in silence after having passed through it in grief.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

American Beauty
By Edna Ferber
Doubleday, Doran, $2.50

Subject to the taste of the masses in all other matters, our critics nevertheless refuse to accept its decision on questions of genius. They hold tenaciously to the creed that since great work is seldom very popular, popular work can never be very great. And thus, while they have acclaimed all sorts of ponderous novelists from Dreiser to Wescott, from Cather to Suckow, as valid and important interpreters of American life, they have snubbed Edna Ferber with faint praise.

For years Miss Ferber has received less than her due as artist. The liquid felicity of her style and the genuine humor of her treatment of the American scene have been lightly dismissed as "facile" writing, as if labored prose and lumpish thought are the distinguishing earmarks of genius. Similarly the subjects of her novels have received scant consideration because they seemed so intimate and familiar to their readers..

And so Miss Ferber has been driven to more ambitious projects. She has sought to weigh down her themes with historical significance and to stiffen her style with the crinoline formalities of a past age. The result is not satisfactory. The notes of *American Beauty* are false —false to art and, much more important, false to Miss Ferber. She does not need the assistance of a problem to add social significance to her vision of American life; nor does she need to stuff a book with peculiar characters in order to draw original portraits. There is that within her which gives both importance and vitality to her work when it is the product of her creative imagination, but it is neither so potent nor so thin that it can penetrate into the callous outgrowth of literary ambition.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. This story of the grafting by which a degenerating New England family regains its vigor is told with extraordinary skill. But that Miss Ferber can still spin a good yarn is neither here nor there. What her true admirers expect from her genius is not the fanciful chapter from American history which she has written but those acts of the human comedy of American life which she can write.

A Calendar of Sin
By Evelyn Scott
Cape and Smith, $5.00

Every nation creates for itself a Golden Age which is a mixture of fantasy and fact. Ignoring the historians, its romancers present in heroic proportions those experiences, ambitions and ideals which thrill and flatter the citizenry, until the appealing sagas replace the truthful chronicles in the national mind. America is no exception. As the crude and hoyden life of pioneer days fades into the hazy past it is colored and refined and exalted by our sentimental novelists until it seems something more than the common course of human events. And in this sublime drama of pioneer existence not only the great his-

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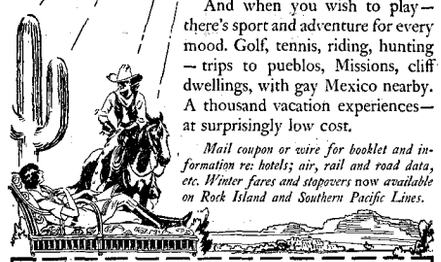

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torical figures but the ordinary types have already taken on the aspect of heroes moving from one romantic episode to another.

Now comes Evelyn Scott with a bitter antidote for this pabulum. Bringing fully as much sympathy for her people and pride in her country as the most patriotic maker of fables, she approaches her theme with vast knowledge and awesome understanding. She writes of the life as it was, chronicling truthfully the great moments and the petty incidents. That the story turns out to be a calendar of mean vice rather than an epic of valorous virtue is less her doing than might be supposed. In that turbulent, anarchic epoch of the Civil War, when every man's life was a negation of the religion he professed and a conflict against the *mores* he held just and proper, sin was irresistible and inevitable. Miss Scott presents it in just that way.

The scope and character of her subject matter force a nervous disorder on the fourteen hundred pages of throbbing prose in which the author tells the tale of fifty years of American life. To read it is a somewhat difficult but genuinely thrilling experience.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO.

Man's Coming of Age

Woman's Coming of Age
Ed. By
Samuel D. Schmalhausen
and V. F. Calverton
Liveright, $3.75

Reading along in this voluminous symposium, one becomes increasingly aware that it has not come off quite as the editors had planned. There is, first, a tug of war between the editors and the invited contributors. The editors had decided (as the title indicates) that women were in transition, in revolt against men and monogamy and motherhood. But the contributors, blandly oblivious of this stirring program, proceeded to demonstrate, by application of both historical and scientific perspectives, that women were not changing at all, that they wanted not freedom from their age-old obligations, but rather the right to pursue them in peace, with the aid and sympathy of men. This is particularly stressed by the feminine contingent of contributors, which brings us to our second point of tension—the differences of opinion between the men and the women writers.

The men have chosen to regard sex as a purely scientific matter, of no emotional consequence save excitement and the pursuit of novelty. Such a concept must lead to the conclusion that monogamy is an absurdity, and Mr. V. F. Calverton says just that. Yet, in her essay, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a noted feminist, describes monogamy as "the highest personal happiness." Mr. Calverton's paper is, in fact, a vigorous declaration of all that the women contributors negate, just as vigorously. He is delighted that women have at last become the equals of men because birth control has freed them from the "threat" of pregnancy, and has shifted "the emphasis in sex life from its procreational aspects to the recreational." But women do not desire to be free of pregnancy, nor do they care to consider sex as "recreational." Mary Ross writes: "Most women, I believe, desire both marriage and children." Dora Russell asks that pregnancy be regarded not as a threat and an ugly interlude, but as a thing of beauty and a privilege. Rebecca West demands the right to have children, declaring it to be an experience "strengthening and stimulating to both mind and body." And Miss Gilman, again, writes that sex for recreation must lead to "every degree of disharmony, all extremes of disease and vice, and such frequent unhappiness in mating that it is the commonest joke. What is there which leads us to believe that it is normal and advantageous?"

One is led, here, to a most interesting conclusion. It having been demonstrated in many of these essays that man has consistently fashioned women in conformance with his own desires, for his own uses, one wonders whether the new freedom clarioned by some of these male prophets is not just one more wrinkle of the old game. Curiously, we find a hint of this in Mr. Schmalhausen's paper on the "War of the Sexes." He writes, speaking of man's hypocrisies: "His most recent and most subtle way is to grant her [woman] equality sexually and then to use her sex more light-heartedly and trivially—with her sportsmanlike consent—than he has ever dared to do before." Out of our own mouths are we condemned!

THE symposium, then, is at war with itself. Its title is faulty and might better have been worded "Man's Coming of Age," for certainly it is his point of view that must change. Those writers who would press a brainless and extravagant liberty upon women are no more in sympathy with her real desires than are those bigots who would keep her from any liberty whatever. Both are bent upon creating instruments for their pleasure. The women who have written for this volume indicate that they know the true from the false freedom, and it is their writings, plus the papers by Havelock Ellis, J. M. Robertson and Huntington Cairns, which form the valuable portion of the book.

N. L. ROTHMAN.

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More Biographies

Blaine of Maine, His Life and Times
By Charles Edward Russell
Cosmopolitan, $5.00

Power and Glory, The Life of Boies Penrose
By Walter Davenport
Putnam, $3.00

Sheridan, A Military Narrative
By Joseph Hergesheimer
Houghton Mifflin, $4.00

The battle of Bull Run, on July 16, 1861, found Philip Henry Sheridan, a lieutenant of infantry, subduing the Indians in the Columbia River country; James G. Blaine, thirty-odd years out of his Pennsylvania cradle, carefully eschewing musketry for New England politics, and Penrose but a babe in the arms of rich Philadelphians. The next fifty years lifted them all, in turn, to the pinnacles—Sheridan in the army and Blaine in national, Penrose in Pennsylvania, politics—which today, with the best American biographical pickings already gobbled up, mark them for those who insist on writing biographies. This is especially true of Sheridan, an able soldier but nothing else. In that respect, Mr. Hergesheimer has fortunately stuck to the battlefield. Yet if his is the last word it is nevertheless a dull one.

Much more can be said of Blaine, the Al Smith of 1884, and of Penrose, a Philadelphia ward neophite of that year. The Republican party never attracted and rewarded two more diverse types—Blaine, the spellbinder and "the plumed knight," upon whose every move ambition was writ, Penrose the boss who has as his monument that monstrous phrase, "Pennsylvania politics." Between them we have in all its sordidness the story of the G. O. P., from Lincoln, whom Blaine supported, to Harding, whom Penrose advised. In his portrayal of Penrose Mr. Davenport presents the man himself, which is saying that his product does not lack in color. If Mr. Davenport's fault is in staying in shallow water Mr. Russell's is in going in over his head. *Blaine of Maine* is a ponderous volume because Mr. Russell devotes chapter after chapter to the broad sweep of national affairs which, moreover, he obviously misunderstands. Not in every case, of course, but often enough to cause one to distrust probably more of his conclusions than may be justified.

DON WHARTON.

Diary of a Provincial Lady
By E. M. Delafield
Harper & Bros., $2.50

Dryly, neatly, with decorum and with a certain excellence, this provincial Englishwoman lines up the small events of her days. Her anxieties and irritations, her pride in her children, her impatience with Robert—her inarticulate spouse—and her baffled effort to eke stimulus from an unseasoned existence—these lie bedded beneath the schooled restraint of her consciousness. She allows herself neither temper, temperament nor self-pity. Her weapon of compensation is her wit. You feel that, with this matter-of-fact yet sharp-edged comment upon the humdrum personalities about her, she bolsters the burden of her boredom. The cook and Mademoiselle, who daily jar the tenor of the household, the Vicar's wife, and the blowsy, busybody neighbors all come alive, like one-line drawings, at her briefest word. While Miss Delafield surreptitiously flavors the diary with what is perhaps too highly developed an irony for so circumscribed a character as this provincial lady, she none the less builds for you, upon a basis of tiny, external detail, a personality and an environment, complete. When the prosy Robert complains, one night, that writing a diary is a waste of time, your heroine writes, at the bottom of the page: "Can Robert be right?" Neither she nor her story is pretentious. The book is wholly simple, demurely wicked, and most precise.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

An Innocent Criminal
By J. D. Beresford
Dutton, $2.00

Picture the dismay of young Mallinson who, poking around in the garden of his new house, uncovered a skeleton hand wearing a diamond ring. Two years earlier Gaunt's daughter had disappeared from that house. Had Gaunt perhaps killed her? But Mallinson is in love with Gaunt's other daughter, so he decided to say nothing. Unfortunately, like many country dwellers, he had a neighbor with a spyglass, and the whole darned thing came out, with much unpleasantness for every one concerned. A well-built, interesting story by a competent novelist.

A Jade of Destiny
By Jeffery Farnol
Little Brown, $2.50

'Od's jaggers, a woundily wordy tale, this! Reacting from the stereotyped romantic style, the author has adopted a strange jargon, modeled somewhat on the ornament-loaded prose of M. P. Shiel, which, instead of being picturesque, becomes rather boring and misleads him into strange misuses of the language. It is the story of a plot against the young Earl of Aldrington and his red-haired sister, foiled by the swashbuckling Jocelyn Dinwiddie. Stripped of its frills and furbelows, we believe it would be a very good story.

Phantom Fingers
By J. Jefferson Farjeon
MacVeagh, $2.00

Further adventures of Ben, vagabond and ex-sailor, who gets mixed up this time with a gang of murderers. Escaping from them, he finds himself with a pretty girl in the coal bunkers of a ship bound for Spain. To them presently enter the 1st and 2nd murderers, and a little later, the 3d. When they got to Spain we lost count. The Spanish countryside teemed with them. But Ben and the girl, cleverly dodging knife and bullet, foil them and rescue the kidnaped heiress. We'd have liked the story better if Ben hadn't loomed quite so large in it. He's funny, but not in such unrelieved quantities.

Two Black Sheep
By Harry Leon Wilson
Cosmopolitan, $2.00

Let the blue-blooded chauffeur, Lucien de Pouvonac, tell you in his amazing English how he and Geo. Dorsey, jewelry salesman, created the Princess Lucsio Calvina out of the waitress, Stella Grimes, put her over on Hollywood, and got her a $7500 a week contract from B. P. Golsper. Hollywood gets well kidded, but the kidding is incidental to the story, as it should be. A swell yarn, with at least one good laugh on every page.

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leaves room for new horrors. We liked best those by William Faulkner, Peter Fleming and L. A. G. Strong. Mr. Hammett gives the perfect definition of what weird tales should be. Their effectiveness "depends on the reader's believing that certain things cannot happen, and on the writer's making him feel—if not actually believe—that they can, but should not, happen . . . . If the reader feels that it is nice for these things to have happened, or has no positive feeling that they should not have happened, then the story is fantasy and lies outside our field."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Theodore Roosevelt: A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle, which is being published serially in the OUTLOOK, has been issued in book form by Harcourt, Brace. The price is $5.

Borah Tells the World

(Continued from Page 333)

Senate who is uncertain as to policies and well hitched up to individuals, who would yield his views and modify his opinions to harmonize with the views of those whom you do not elect to represent you? A man who will not stand for what he thinks is right at home, regardless of individuals or candidates at the head or tail of the ticket, will not stand up for them in Washington.

"And God pity the miserable creature sailing upon the turbulent sea at Washington without convictions for a compass. I have seen them there and there is nothing more despicable in all the world besides. Men without poise or purpose, without convictions or determination, who do not stand ready to fight for their views regardless of who opposes them on all these great questions—they are miserable instruments by which men of sinister purposes accomplish their designs."

That challenge, and that interpretation of his career, Mr. Borah repeated to me only the other day.

Measures rather than men interest the Senator, and he never engages in personalities, no matter how violent the conflict may be. Therefore he supported Warren G. Harding, a weak reactionary, because it seemed the only way to keep both Mr. Harding and the United States out of the League of Nations. To Mr. Coolidge, who eventually found it more comfortable to ignore him when it was possible, Mr. Borah was cold. Indeed, when Calvin asked the Senator to settle the vice-presidential controversy at Cleveland in 1924 by "takin' a place on the ticket," Mr. Borah replied:

"Which place, Mister President?"

With millions of others Mr. Borah thought that Mr. Hoover possessed the knowledge and experience to solve the problems facing this country in 1928, and therefore he became, with Mr. Hughes, the President's most effective campaigner. Moreover, Mr. Hoover made several promises to the Senator, none of which, I suspect, have been kept. But if either man has changed his views since 1928, on the tariff, on agriculture, on water power, on foreign affairs, it has been Mr. Hoover rather than Mr. Borah. So the Senator is now the President's proudest and prickliest "hair-shirt."

It is not prohibition, as so many think, that led to this temporary and unnatural union between the Lion and the Lamb. There is nothing sacred about the Eighteenth Amendment to Mr. Borah, and he does not castigate critics of the "experiment." So long as the amendment stands, however, he believes that it should be enforced, but he would not cry if the people show by Constitutional means that they want it repealed. Indeed, though he voted for the amendment, he opposed the Volstead Act because he thought that certain search-and-seizure provisions were unconstitutional.

MR. BORAH, as charged, may enjoy headlines—few public men do not—and he most assuredly gets them. He has an instinctive flair for the dramatic stuff and for the melodramatic moment; he rarely enters a Senate debate until all others have spoken and the galleries are jammed. Moreover, the correspondents seek him out first when comment is wanted. It is at their desire rather than his that he holds a daily press conference each afternoon. As a matter of truth, the men of the press attend as much for the informative and entertaining clash of minds as for news. Sitting on the floor, on the window ledge, on the back of the black leather divan, they swap stories of gossipy and great doings. He, on his side, is delightfully frank, though rarely for quotation. It is only now and then, as when he mentioned casually that "Charlie Dawes just told me he is going to be Ambassador to Great Britain," that he produces news. But it is worth while to know what he is thinking, and so about thirty correspondents make special trips to his basement chamber in the Senate office building, even when Congress is not in session.

Personally, he is exceedingly attractive. Even those who disagree with him cannot but like him. His enthusiasms, his fresh outlook, his ready sympathy, his forensic ability, his sense of humor, his dark, glowing eyes, the cleft in his chin—all enrich a striking personality. He has an honesty, a simplicity, an intelligence that draw to him the younger and more liberal members of the press corps, and through them he exercises an influence that is measured neither in newspaper columns nor in Senate speeches.

To them Borah is a rare and raring figure. There are, for example, few senators who, like him, have quit their law practices and got along on their senatorial salaries in order that they might devote themselves wholeheartedly to public life; fewer still who deliberately restrict their social activities to morning canters on horseback through Rock Creek Park and evenings spent with such shades as Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Emerson, Hawthorne, Dickens and Edmund Burke. It is an illuminating sidelight that the Senator from Idaho, now that Roosevelt is gone, prefers these spirits to such associates as G. O. P. presidents, would-be presidents, and so-called statesmen.

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The Shackled Muse

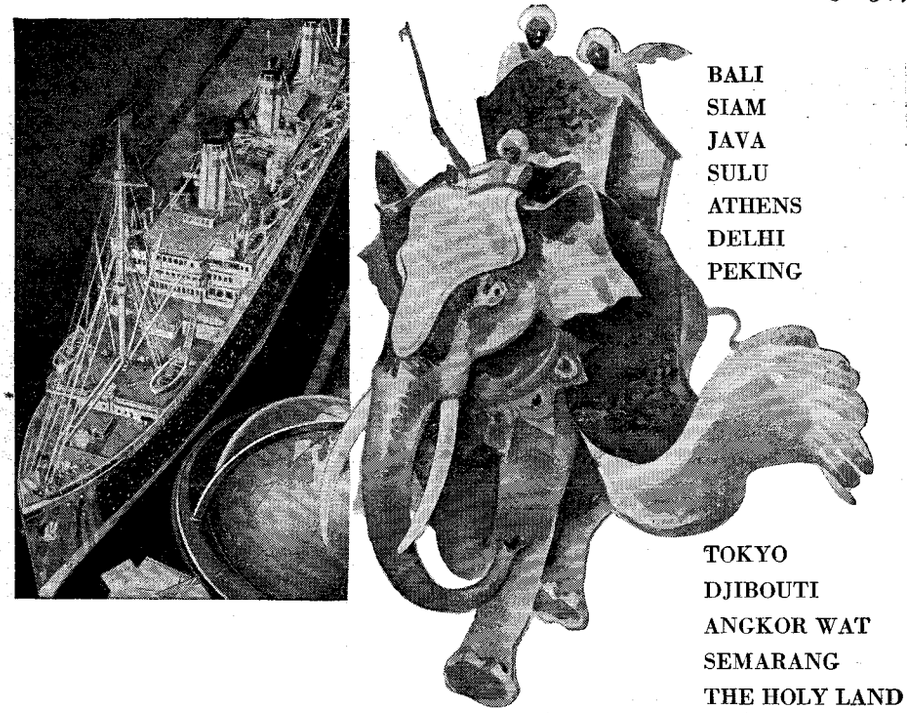
MR. KLEIBER offered us a notable program at the third Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall. Beginning with the Andante from a posthumous Bruckner symphony—in reality an early work—it included three pieces from the *Lyric Suite* by Alban Berg, *Menuet antique* by Ravel and Schumann's First Symphony.

The Bruckner piece, coming under the head of classroom work for his teacher, Kitzler, has little more than an historical interest; yet one may at times perceive germs of the larger utterance and sweeping line of his later works.

Alban Berg first became known as a pupil of Arnold Schönberg, the arch-apostle of the modernist school. Schönberg began with composition based on emotion, as in his fine sextet, *Verklärte Nacht;* but soon evolved new theories, begotten of his satiety with the prevailing harmonic system, arriving at a method founded on a scale of twelve different yet "inwardly related" tones. This relationship, let us add, has persistently remained an inward one, and shows every sign of an obstinate refusal to emerge into the open. The theory itself, based on purely cerebral premises and completely ignoring the instinctive or human element, he proceeded to expound in an abstrusely mathematical and amazingly prolix treatise on composition. As a result, he gathered pupils about him and soon found himself the founder of a school. Berg, his most promising disciple, unquestionably has musical gifts of the highest order and is, innately, a romantic. His *Wozzeck* took Europe by storm, as it will soon take America.

In the three pieces played at this concert, written four years after *Wozzeck*, we see more sharply than ever the bitter clash between Berg's emotional impulses and the cold, mathematical formula imposed upon him by his teacher and by the school which claims him—we see a great natural artist torn between his desire for beauty and his sense of loyalty to the abstract dogmas stamped into his thought. He becomes eloquent and convincing at times by defying—doubtless unintentionally—these dogmas; and success is his in exact proportion to that defiance. Already he is beginning to be considered a traitor by "our little circle of serious thinkers," who bridle with horror to find, in his newer works, actual hints at common chords.

His pieces have, in spite of their shackling stylism, many fine qualities—an exquisite instrumental setting and moments of atmosphere and genuine lyricism, particularly in the *Adagio appassionato*. Perhaps he may yet yield com-



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pletely to the voice of his natural self.

Mr. Kleiber conducted this concert finely, even in such a trivial musical lollipop as Ravel's *Menuet*. Warmth, vitality and freshness were in his reading of the lovely Schumann symphony—one of the few pieces of that composer in which the orchestration is adequate, even if only by accident. Happily, in the case of the muddily orchestrated Third and Fourth symphonies, we now have excellent instrumentations by others, so that this wealth of beauty can at last be brought home to us; but the fine Second still remains chained to the rock of Schumann's unfortunate orchestral treatment—a Perseus is sadly needed!

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

T. R. Defies the Coal Barons

(Continued from Page 339)

of the conference. Jane Addams of Chicago was a caller, for instance, and she told friends of Roosevelt's statements on the conduct of the operators at the October 3 conference.

Meanwhile the President was meditating a course of action having little justification in law. He was confident, however, that it would be heartily endorsed by the public. On October 8 he made a final appeal to Mitchell. If the men would return to work at once he would appoint a commission and would do everything possible to effect a satisfactory settlement. Mitchell's answer, inevitably, was that his followers had already gone more than half way. They had no reason to believe in the willingness of the operators "to do us justice in the future," and the findings of Roosevelt's commission, should they be favorable to the miners, could not be enforced.

On October 9, 1902, acting under orders from the President, Secretary of War Root addressed a letter to Pierpont Morgan. Since the failure of the conference a week before, the number of militiamen in the coal fields had been increased to 10,000. This had been done in answer to Baer's implied promise that the operators would produce coal if protection were given to men anxious to work in the mines. But this, Root told the financier, might not be the case. In that event would it be practicable to have a commission "appointed by the President or by you" which would attempt a solution? Each coal company would be permitted to present its own evidence. The verdict would constitute a five-year agreement with the miners, who would return to their posts at once. Such a plan provided honest arbitration, but it avoided the necessity of "dealing with the mine workers' union."

Essentially, this plan did not differ from the proposal offered by Mitchell at the White House conference. If the operators had objected before, they would object now. Hope that it might be accepted, which was strong enough to justify a long session between Root and Morgan in New York City on October 11, obviously depended on details kept secret at the time. What these details were, Roosevelt subsequently explained. At this stage the President was acutely alarmed. There had been, he said, "ugly talk of a general sympathetic strike which, happening at the beginning of the winter, would have meant a crisis only less serious than the Civil War." Both sides in the controversy were unyielding. They were "apparently . . . . ignorant of the old common-law doctrine under which any peasant could take wood that was not his, if necessary for the preservation of life and health in winter weather."

Such was the threat which Root undoubtedly held over Morgan's head, for transmittal to the operators. Where Roosevelt evolved it is not recorded. As a matter of fact, no such common-law doctrine seems to exist. But like the equally non-existent theory of "international eminent domain" whereby, just a year later, Roosevelt intended to separate Panama from the Republic of Colombia, this was to be very useful. The President saw himself *in loco* the peasant needing fuel and, with great secrecy, he made plans to take over the mines and operate them with soldiers. In his own words:

> . . . . I notified Knox and Root that if the contingency arose where I had to take charge of the matter, as President on behalf of the Federal Government, I should not even ask their advice, but would proceed to take action which I outlined to them. I explained that I knew this would form an evil precedent, and that it was one that I would take most reluctantly . . . . I told them that they should both write letters of protest against it if they wished, so as to free themselves from responsibility—for I should act just as if we were in a state of war . . . . Root told me that there were 10,000 regulars I could put in at once . . . .

The law on interference by the President, as distinct from this hastily evolved common-law aspect, was clear. He could not act unless requested by the Governor of Pennsylvania or unless the situation in the coal fields had passed beyond control of the state authorities. Even then he could merely halt disorder and this, in itself, would produce no coal. Besides, there had been little or no disorder. These technical limitations Roosevelt brushed aside. The first step was to have Senator Quay instruct Governor Stone of Pennsylvania to request federal assistance.

"Then," wrote Roosevelt, "I would put in the army under the command of some first-rate General. . . . I would instruct him to dispossess the operators and run the mines as a receiver . . . . I had to find a man who possessed the necessary good sense, judgment and nerve to act in such event. He was ready . . . . in the person of Major-General J. M. Schofield."

Schofield was summoned to Washington on October 11, the day on which Root was impressing Morgan with the gravity of the situation. He saw the President on October 13. Roosevelt told the General, ". . . . a most respectable-looking old boy, with side-whiskers and a black skull-cap . . . " that he was to "act in a purely military capacity under me as Commander-in-Chief, paying no heed to any authority, judicial or otherwise, except mine . . . . " Schofield answered that he would open the mines and would run them despite interference by the strikers, the owners, the courts or anyone else.

If Mr. Baer and his associated coal producers did not like this plan, with its horrid implications of socialism, they had only to accept the suggestion for arbitration. Ex-president Grover Cleveland, who had volunteered his services in the national emergency, would serve on President Roosevelt's arbitration com-

Through a Glass Darkly

***From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of* November 14, 1951**

Opponents of the candidacy of Senator Winkle for the Democratic nomination for President issued an unsigned statement on Monday alleging his ineligibility for the presidency on the ground that he was born not in the United States but in a Brazilian Airways passenger plane en route from Lisbon to Winnipeg.

The League of Nations Society of America will publish next month a volume intended to prove that since 1929 nine major and twenty-five minor wars were averted by the timely action of the League of Nations.

The Believitornot Trust Company announced Monday that all the bequests, aggregating $27,000,000, of the late Mrs. Rebecca Zimmerman, who died November 6, 1949, have been distributed according to her expressed desires, and that no attempts had been made to break the will.

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mission. All this must have been outlined by Root on the morning of October 11 on the financier's yacht, the *Corsair*, anchored in the Hudson River. In the end Morgan forced the operators to agree to arbitration. But they imposed foolish limitations regarding the personnel of the commission.

OBSTACLES still remained. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday passed. Baer, having engaged a special train, hurried to New York to see Morgan. On October 13, 1902, came the first public indications of impending peace. The operators would consent to arbitration, but they would not allow Roosevelt freedom in the appointment of the commission. It must, they specified, consist of an army engineer, an expert mining engineer, a federal judge from Pennsylvania, a man familiar with the business aspects of coal mining, and someone "of pronounced eminence as a sociologist." In other words, to quote Baer's letter once more, "The Christian men to whom God . . . has given the control of the property interests of this country . . . . " desired a commission weighted in their favor. They did not include a single representative of the strikers on the board which was to hand down an impartial award, binding on both sides. Mitchell was promptly on his way to Washington where, on October 15, he protested that this was grossly unfair.

It seemed, again, as though Schofield's gallant men would be forced to soil their uniforms by digging coal. Before giving the order to march on the mines, however, President Roosevelt dictated a letter to Morgan. With "a little ingenuity," he pointed out, it would be possible to appoint a board unfair to either labor or capital and still remain within the limitations imposed by the operators. Could not the commission of five be expanded to one with seven members? In that event, he would name Judge George Gray of the United States Circuit Court, Labor Commissioner Wright as the "eminent sociologist," Thomas H. Watkins as the business expert, and either Professor Henry Smith Munroe of Columbia University or Edward W. Parker, editor of the *Engineering and Mining Record*. All these four, the President reminded Morgan, had been recommended by the operators. For the fifth member, he would select, in place of the suggested army engineer, ex-President Cleveland. The two added commissioners, who would more closely represent the strikers, would be Bishop John L. Spalding of Illinois and E. E. Clark, Grand Chief, Order of Railway Conductors.

This letter was not mailed, probably because it seemed wiser to have Secretary Root transmit the contents by telephone. Word came back, however, that the operators would not consent and that Bacon and Perkins of J. P. Morgan & Company had started for Washington. October 15 was the day that marked the crisis, and in the hours between the drafting of the communication to Morgan and 2:20 o'clock on the morning of the next day Roosevelt learned several surprising things about the wisdom of the American industrialist. Morgan, he told Lodge two days later, had been unable to "do much with those wooden-headed gentry . . . . and Bacon and Perkins were literally almost crazy . . . . " They had brought word from New York that Roosevelt's plan for expanding the commission had been summarily rejected, nor would the operators consent to so dangerous a radical as Grover Cleveland.

Bacon, Perkins and Roosevelt discussed possible solutions until almost midnight on October 15, with constant conversations by telephone with Morgan and the operators. The two representatives of the financier, Roosevelt recalled, "grew more and more hysterical, and not merely admitted, but insisted, that failure to agree would result in violence and possible social war." They could not, however, force the operators into line. At last it dawned on the President "that the mighty brains of these captains of industry would rather have anarchy than tweedledum, but that if I would use the word tweedledee they would hail it as meaning peace."

After a minor point or two had been agreed upon, the commission was appointed. It consisted of Judge Gray, Parker, Watkins, Bishop Spalding, Commissioner Wright and Brigadier-General John M. Wilson. Spalding represented a last minute concession. E. E. Clark, the seventh member, was added as the "eminent sociologist," although he actually was a labor leader. On March 22, 1903, the commission awarded a ten per cent wage increase, but denied recognition of the United Mine Workers. Certain other abuses were remedied, and the agreement was to last for three years.

Congress remained safely Republican in the elections the following month, and Roosevelt could assure himself that he had hewn a second plank for the platform on which he was to seek election in 1904. The first had been trust control. This was defense of the legitimate rights of labor. But even more important must have been the psychological effect of the triumph on Roosevelt himself. The last lingering suspicions of the sapience of the American industrialist must have vanished during those hours on the night of October 15, 1902. Political expediency might, in the future, dictate caution, but the nation's business leaders were not, after all, dangerous foes.

For the balance of his term the President steered a safe course in matters pertaining to labor. Other projects crowded into his consciousness. The Monroe Doctrine, in which he devoutly believed, was in immediate danger at the hands of Great Britain and Germany. A canal across the Isthmus of Panama was still to be built.

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Is it true that President Roosevelt ordered Admiral Dewey to get his Caribbean flotilla ready to move against German warships in the debt payment dispute between Germany and other European powers on one side and Venezuela on the other? This installment discusses that debatable point of American history, and tells also of the Alaska Boundary dispute with Great Britain. At this period Roosevelt was far from being either pro-British or pro-German, as revealed in this installment. He was intensely American

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What Happened to Wheat?

(Continued from Page 335)

Hedging, by the way, is a term little understood outside of grain and banking circles, notwithstanding that it has received wide publicity for a good many years. In spite of the fact that it sounds rather technical, the process of hedging is quite simple. In its essence it consists of making two contracts of an opposite, but corresponding nature, at as nearly the same time as possible. One of the contracts, however, is always executed in the speculative market.

It is customary for country elevators to contract with neighboring farmers for their wheat while it is still growing. Early in June, we will say, an elevator man bargains with a farmer for five thousand bushels of the latter's wheat, to be delivered at the elevator the following September. The price offered the farmer is based upon the prevailing price of September wheat on the grain exchanges. Quotations are broadcast hourly by radio from the exchanges each day and they are available by telegraph almost everywhere, so it is an easy matter for the farmer as well as the elevator man to keep in touch with the market.

Perhaps September wheat is selling at $1 a bushel. Knowing this, the elevator man offers the farmer, say, 90

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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why *the contributor considers the contributed* remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

cents for his wheat. The difference in price allows for the cost of handling the grain at the elevator, freight charges to the terminal market and a profit of a cent or two per bushel to the elevator. A bargain is made and a contract signed. The farmer is sure of his prices when September comes. But how about the elevator man?

If he can still ship his wheat to market and get a dollar a bushel for it he is all right. But suppose, when it reaches the market in September, the price of the cash article is only 80 cents. He has paid the farmer 90 cents a bushel, as agreed; he has paid handling and transportation charges of perhaps 8 cents more; and 80 cents is all he can get for his wheat. He stands to lose 18 cents a bushel on the deal.

To prevent just such a thing from happening the elevator man "hedges" his wheat. Immediately after contracting for 5,000 bushels of the farmer's wheat he wires his broker on the grain exchange to sell an equal quantity short in the futures market. By this simple act he insures himself against loss due to subsequent price changes no matter what happens.

Prices in the cash and futures market fluctuate in sympathy with each other and the relative difference between the two, whatever it happens to be, is maintained with little if any variation. If cash wheat is 20 cents lower when the elevator man's wheat reaches the market, then he loses that much per bushel on it. But the wheat sold short has also declined 20 cents a bushel and there is that much profit on it. Thus everything is equalized and the elevator man makes the dealer's profit on which he originally figured. If wheat goes up instead of down it works out the same way. In this case there is a loss on the short wheat but a corresponding gain on the cash wheat.

World production of wheat this year is, as at present estimated, below world requirements. The movement of the huge winter wheat crop in this country, which the markets have absorbed surprisingly well, has passed its peak. The spring wheat crop is the smallest in many years, and must of necessity move very sparingly. With the near failure of the Canadian crop, pressure from that source likewise will be comparatively light. The crops of the southern hemisphere, Argentina and Australia, which begin to move in January, cannot be large even if yields are large, because there has been a drastic reduction in acreage in each country.

While European countries have probably raised average crops this year, they went into the new crop season with reserves of old crop wheat at a minimum, for which reason they will not be in a position to effect the abnormal economies in the use of imported wheat which characterized the two past seasons. Moreover, it is worthy of note that in spite of all the high tariffs and enforced economies last season, world's shipments of wheat and flour were 790,000,000 bushels, which is a high figure.

Russia is not expected to be the important factor this season that she was last season. A phenomenal yield per acre last year permitted unexpectedly large exports of wheat, and it is probable that much of the grain shipped represented forced collections and sales to meet pressing financial obligations at that. The most reliable and latest available information is to the effect that this year's spring wheat crop, which comprises the greater part of the country's entire wheat acreage, is not only not above but actually below average.

Finally, it seems to me that there are indications that the crisis in the world economic situation has been passed. In a word, it would seem that the wheat market today represents the maximum pressure of every bearish factor that could possibly be brought to bear and that the pendulum is due for a turn.

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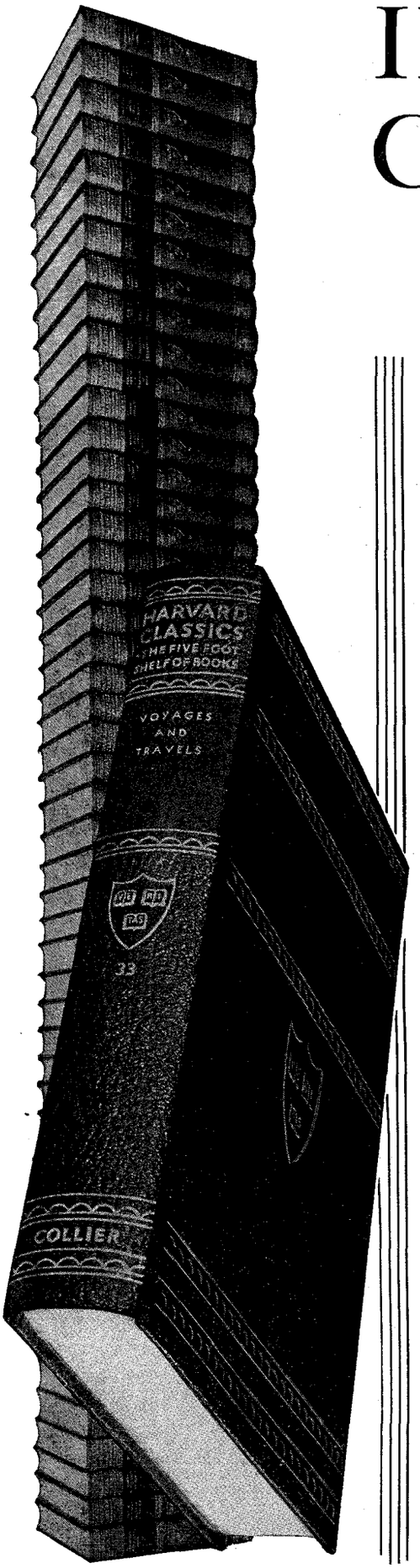
How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX



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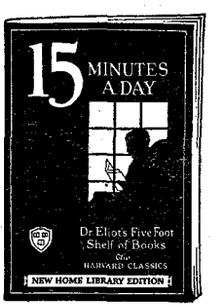

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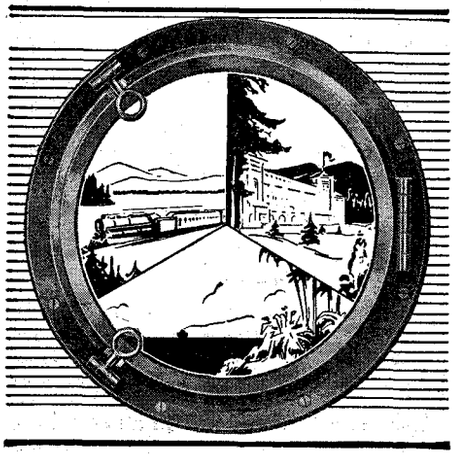

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